

No. 19

JAN.  
10c

# AMAZING-MAN COMICS

## AMAZING MAN

with his  
ABLE ASSISTANT  
**ZONA**  
WRECKS VENGEANCE  
on the UNDERWORLD

## IRON SKULL

ACTS AS A  
HUMAN TORPEDO  
TO SINK  
AN ENEMY BOAT

## MINIMIDGET

NO LARGER THAN  
YOUR HAND  
HAS A WILD RIDE  
ON A  
CARRIER PIGEON

## mighty man

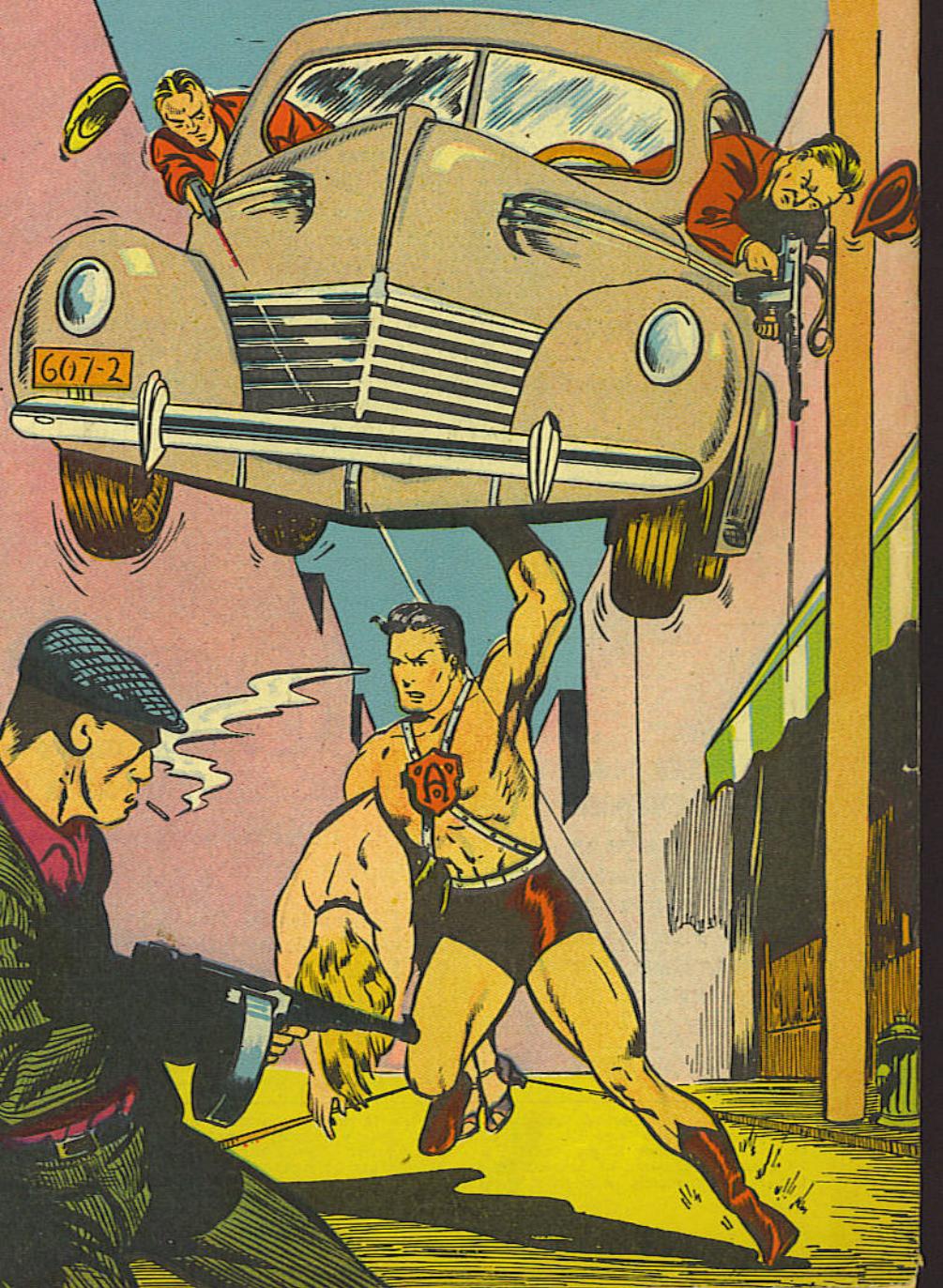
OUTWITS  
A WITCH

## THE SHARK

COMPETES WITH  
FATHER NEPTUNE  
IN SOLVING A  
MYSTERIOUS CRIME

and Your Other Favorites

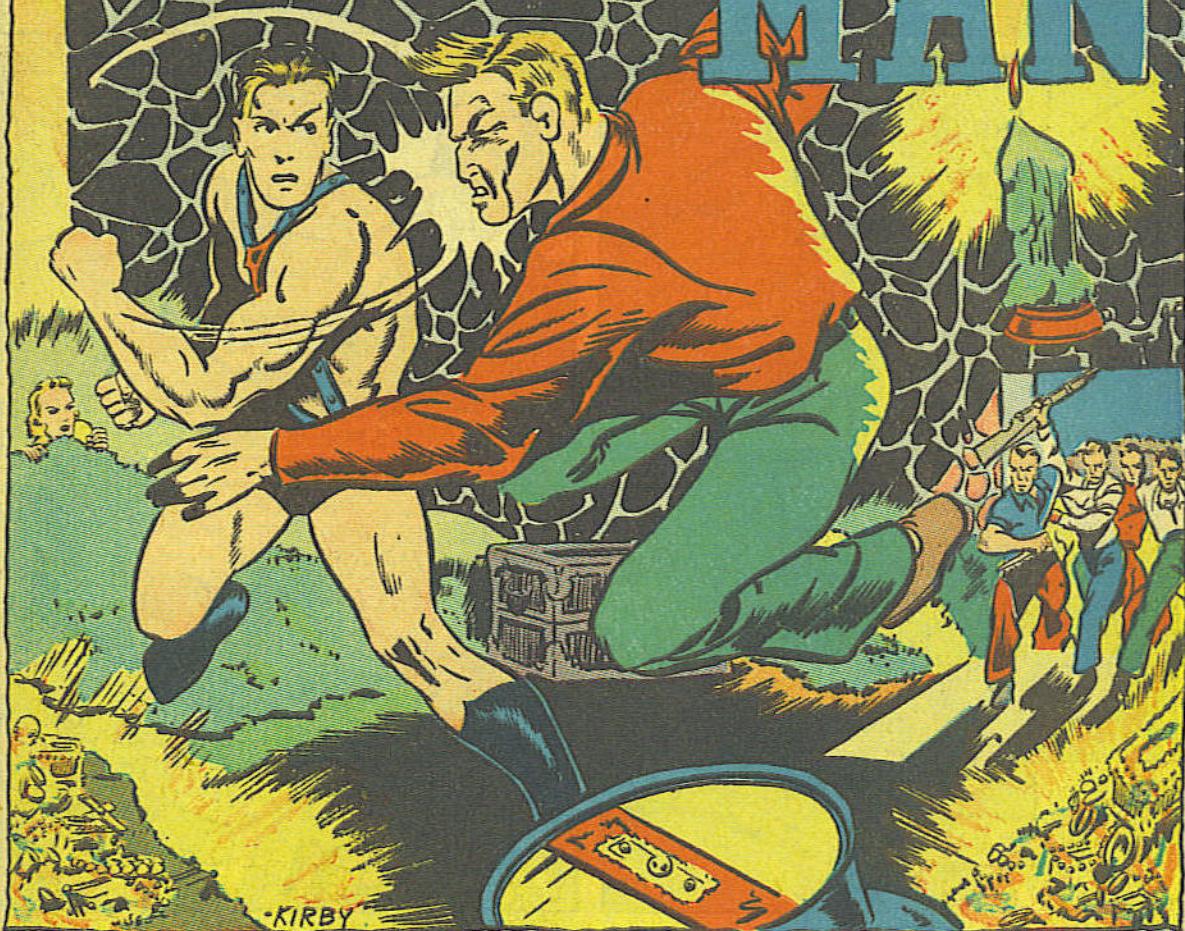
• DR. HYPNO  
ROCKE WAYBURN  
REEF KINCAID



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



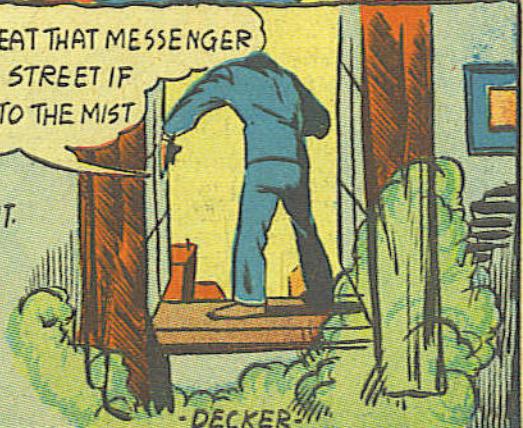
# "AMAN" THE AMAZING MAN



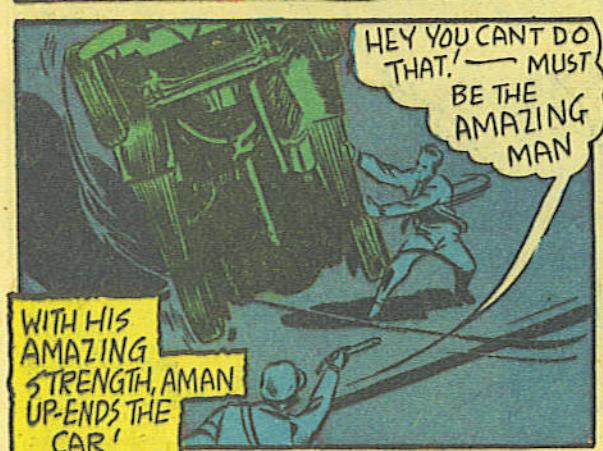
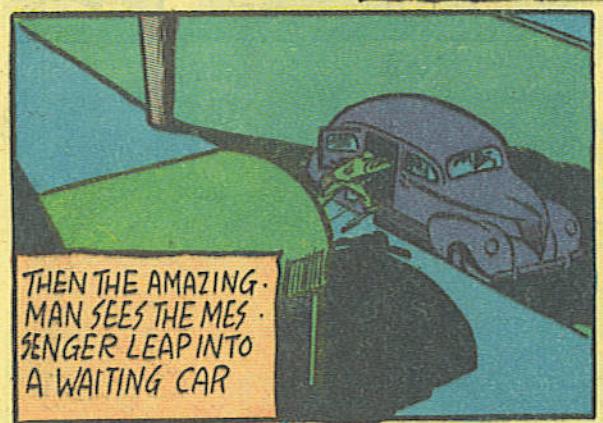
KIRBY

JOHN AMAN, KNOWN ALSO AS "THE AMAZING MAN," FIGHTS CRIME IN ALL ITS FORMS! CRIMINALS FEAR HIM MOST BECAUSE OF HIS SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH AND THE ABILITY TO DISAPPEAR IN A GREEN MIST. FIGHTING WITH HIM IS ZONA HENDERSON, HIS BEAUTIFUL ASSISTANT. HIS ARCH-ENEMY IS THE MYSTERIOUS "GREAT QUESTION" WE NOW FIND AMAN IN HIS HOTEL ROOM - HE HAS JUST RECEIVED A PACKAGE... IT WAS A BOMB!!! LUCKILY HE WASN'T HURT - AMAN GOES AFTER THE MESSENGER WHO BROUGHT HIM THE BOMB

I CAN BEAT THAT MESSENGER  
TO THE STREET IF  
I GO INTO THE MIST



DECKER



TAKE THE CONTROLS, THAT'S  
ONE OF THE GREAT QUESTIONS CODES  
AND I'M GOING  
TO DECODE  
IT!

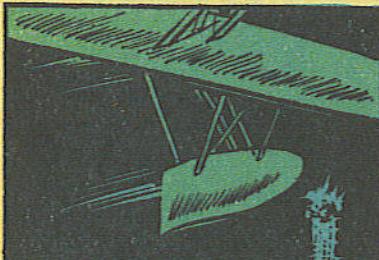
GREAT GUNS, ZONA! IT'S THE  
QUESTIONS INSTRUCTIONS TO RAID A  
SHIP THREE HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE!  
KEEP YOUR COMPASS TWO POINTS SOUTH  
OF SOUTHEAST AND GIVE  
ER THE GUN!

SUDDENLY ANOTHER MESSAGE COMES  
THROUGH

STEAMER QUONTRA SPEAKING. WE'VE  
BEEN ORDERED TO HEAVE ANCHOR  
UNABLE TO FIND

OUT WHAT  
NATIONALITY  
SHIP HAS,  
HAILED US!

MORE SPEED ZONA!



ARRIVING AT THE  
SCENE, AMAN GLANCED  
BELOW, SAW TWO SHIPS HOVE  
TO!

YOU HEAD BACK FOR LAND AND  
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO  
HELP THE QUONTRA! THERE  
MAY BE TIME YET!  
O.K. AMAN (HOPE  
I CAN MAKE IT!)

GUESS I'D BETTER  
BE READY FOR  
ANYTHING!  
HEADED FOR  
THE RAIDED  
SHIP! THE MAN  
IN THE GREEN  
MIST STRIPS FOR  
ACTION!!



MEANWHILE, BELOW DECKS...

LOOKS LIKE A FAIR HAUL,  
MAYBE A COUPLE HUNDRED  
THOUSAND WORTH ANYHOW!

YOU'LL HANG  
FOR THIS!

AGAIN THE GREEN  
MIST STRIKES!

"!"



BUT ABOARD THE RAIDER SHIP...

SOMETHING'S WRONG OVER ON  
THE QUINTRIA! I CAN FEEL IT.

I'LL TURN ON THE TEL-SET  
AN' GIT IN TOUCH WITH THE  
"GREAT QUESTION," HE'LL KNOW  
WHAT'S UP!



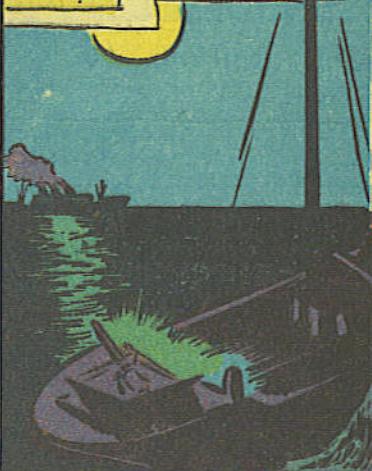
YOUR COMRADES ARE CAPTURED,  
FIRE ON THAT VESSEL AN' SINK  
IT! SOME OF THEM MIGHT  
GIVE OUR SECRETS AWAY, SO  
THEY MUST ALL DIE!!

QUICKLY!!

MAN THE GUNS!! STEAM  
UP AN' PULL OVER TOWARD  
THE QUINTRIA!  
WE'LL FIRE INTO  
HER POINT  
BLANK!



THE PIRATES PREPARE  
FOR THEIR MURDEROUS  
DEED!



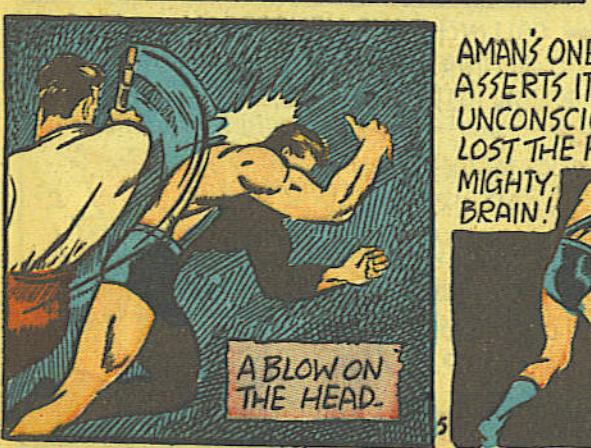
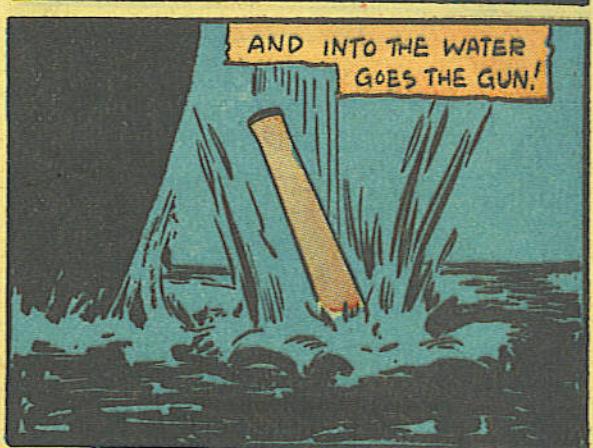
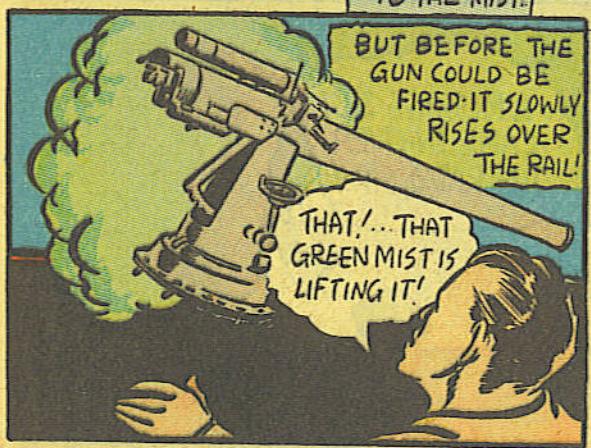
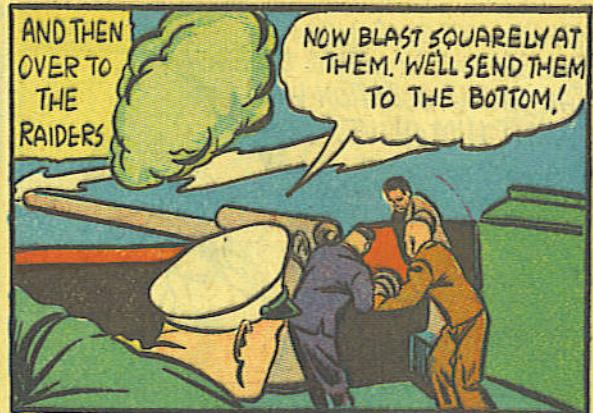
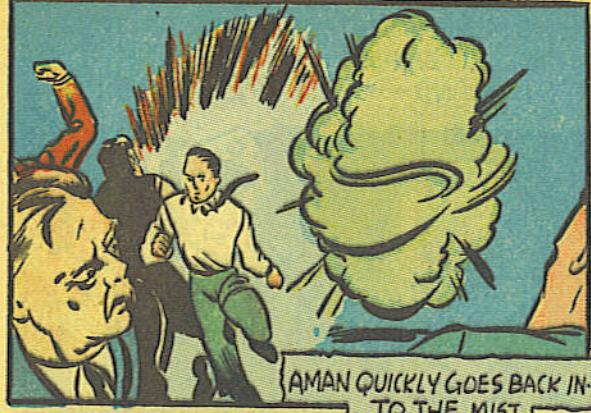
SWEEP THEIR DECK WITH A  
COUPLE OF SHOTS FIRST SO  
THEY'LL BE TOO EXCITED TO  
LAUNCH LIFE BOATS!

ABOARD THE QUINTRIA A MAN COMES  
OUT OF THE GREEN MIST, ON DECK

IT'S THE AMAZING MAN-NOW  
WE'LL PUT THESE  
DEVILS IN IRONS  
AND PROCEED  
ON OUR WAY!!



SUDDENLY A SHELL STRIKES  
THE AFT DECK, KILLING A  
SEAMAN OF THE QUINTRIA!



I DARE NOT GIVE HIM A  
DANGEROUSLY LARGE DOSE AS  
THE GREAT QUESTION WILL  
WANT HIM ALIVE!



THE SLEEPING DRUG

O.K. DOC! EVANS! YOU AND FRANK TAKE  
HIM BELOW, AN' WE'LL HEAD FOR THE HIDE-  
OUT ISLAND --- FULL SPEED AHEAD!



THOSE CAPTIVE RAIDERS  
IN OUR BRIG WONT TALK, AND  
THE RAIDING SHIP HAS DISAPPEARED



AS DAWN BREAKS, THE OFFICERS OF THE QUINTONRA  
KEEP A LOOKOUT!

A MESSAGE JUST  
CAME IN OVER  
THE RADIO, SIR!!



OFFICER IN COMMAND OF  
THE QUINTONRA - AM RADIATING  
FROM PLANE, HAVE FOLLOWED THE  
SHIP THAT RAIDED YOU! IS JOHN  
AMAN ABOARD?

THE MESSAGE

ZONA HENDERSON

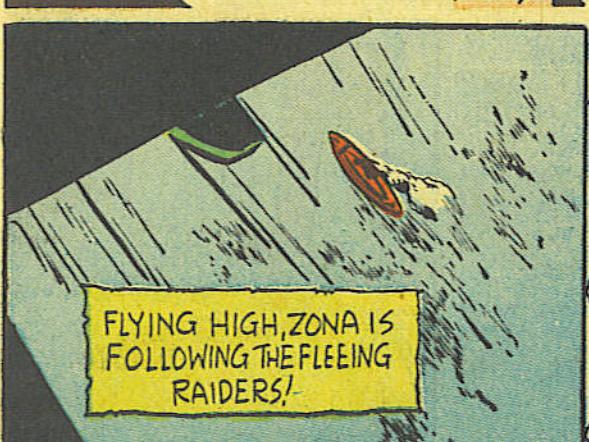
SHE'S THE AMAZING-MAN'S  
ASSISTANT RADIO HER THAT  
AMAN WENT ABOARD THE  
RAIDER!



CALLING ZONA HENDERSON....  
JOHN AMAN ABOARD THE RAIDER! WE  
KNOW NOTHING MORE ABOUT HIM!  
QUINTONRA SPEAKING

THAT MEANS AMAN  
IS CAPTURED!  
ILL HAVE TO FOLLOW  
THE RAIDER  
TO ITS BASE  
AND HELP  
HIM!

FLYING HIGH, ZONA IS  
FOLLOWING THE FLEEING  
RAIDERS!



AFTER NIGHTFALL THE RAIDER PUTS IN AT A LITTLE KNOWN ISLAND IN THE MARTIQUE GROUP

LIVELY THERE NOW, LADS, WE'VE GOT TO GET THE GREEN MIST ABOARD A PLANE!

AN' BELOW DECKAMAN HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS! I'LL ACT AS IF IM STILL UNCONSCIOUS! THIS IS MY CHANCE TO FIND OUT WHERE THIS RAIDER HAS ITS BASE!

HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A BIG SHOT ONCE, BUT HE IS OUR MEAT NOW!

OPEN THE DOOR AND WE'LL GET HIM ABOARD

I'D HATE TO BE IN THIS GUY'S SHOES WHEN THE GREAT-QU..... HUH!

AMAN GOES INTO THE MIST-----

HEY, THE GUY'S GONE....

THERE THEY GO, LOOKING FOR ME, AND WHILE THEY ARE DOING IT, I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND MYSELF!

IT SURE IS LONESOME HERE ON THIS ISLAND!

YEAH!

MEANWHILE, AT THE OTHER END OF THE ISLAND

THAT QUESTIONGUY IS SMART! HE'S GOT MILLIONS IN GOLDAN' DIAMONDS IN HIS VAULT HERE ON THE ISLAND, AND MORE COMING IN, EVERY DAY!

YEAH, HEY,  
WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S A PLANE, AND ALL OUR PLANES ARE IN. THAT MUST BE A SPY OR SOMETHING

LET'S GET READY  
TO CATCH THEM

ZONA HAS LOCATED THE HIDEOUT AND IS BENT ON RESCUING THE AMAZING MAN!

IF A MAN'S ON THIS ISLAND I'LL FIND HIM OR GET KILLED TRYING! HE'S SAVED MY LIFE MORE THAN ONCE!!!

YOU'VE DONE YOUR LAST PROWLING AROUND HERE, WHOEVER YOU ARE!

OH HO, IT'S A GAL!

YEAH, THAT'S SWELL, COME ON AN'TALK, BABY,  
WHO ARE YOU?

JUST A GIRL FLYER OUT OF GAS!

YEAH, WELL I DIDN'T HEAR YOUR MÖTER MISSING!  
COME WITH US!

THE GREAT QUESTION'S VASSAL, RULER OF THE ISLAND

CAPTAIN JERREL OF THE BLACK GHOST TO SEE YOU, SIR!

LET HIM COME IN!

WE HAVE CAPTURED THE AMAZING MAN SIR! I HAVE HIM HELPLESS, READY TO SEND HIM BY PLANE TO THE GREAT QUESTION!

BASE EIGHTEEN, CALLING THE GREAT QUESTION  
- BASE EIGHTEEN CALLING THE GREAT QUESTION

GOOD. I'LL TELL THE QUESTION NOW!

SPEAK, I AM LISTENING!

MY MEN HAVE CAPTURED A MAN AND WE ARE SENDING HIM TO YOU ALIVE!

CAPTAIN!! SIR!!  
THE AMAZING MAN HAS ESCAPED!!

I HEAR, YOU STUPID, BLUNDERING FOOLS!  
I AM TEMPTED TO SLAY YOU BOTH!  
HAVE PATIENCE, SIR, WELL TRY TO RECAPTURE HIM!

EVIDENTLY THIS IS BOTH AN ARMY AN' NAVY BASE, FOR THE QUESTION'S ACTIVITIES.

MEANWHILE A MAN IS EXPLORING THE ISLAND

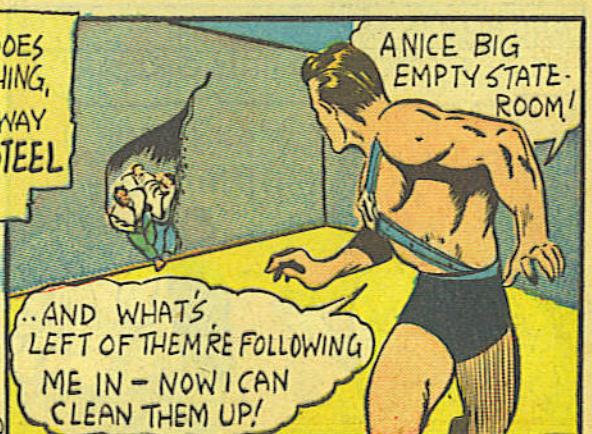
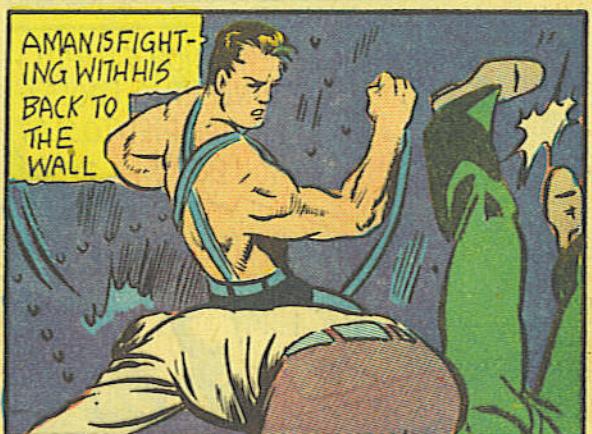
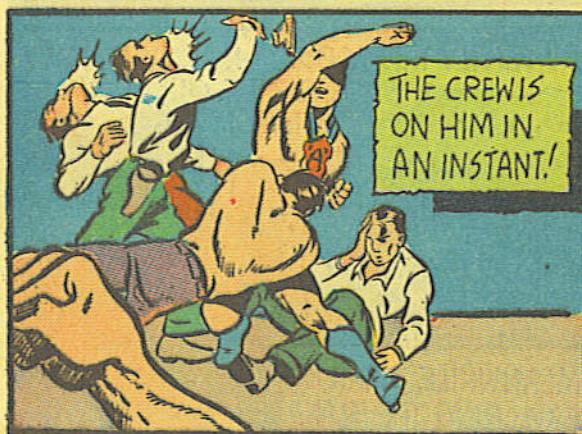
AND BACK IN THE RULER'S LAIR---  
WE JUST CAPTURED THIS GIRL, SIR!

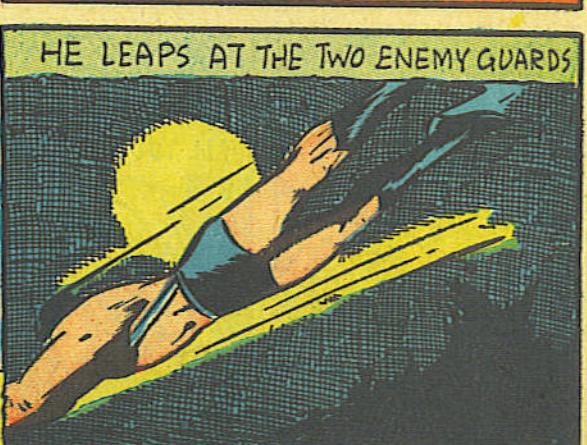
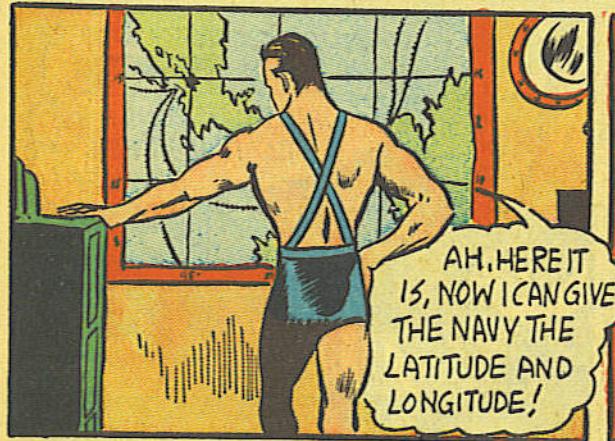
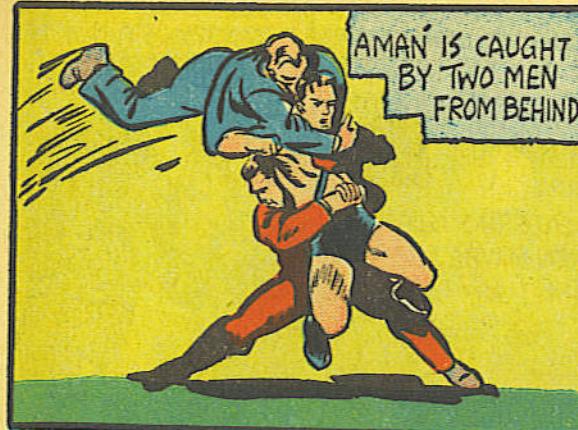
SAY! SHE'S A MAN'S ASSISTANT!

SHALL WE ADMINISTER OUR USUAL PUNISHMENT TO SPIES SIR?

NO, FOOL!

LOCK HER IN THE UNDERGROUND TREASURE VAULT, WELL USE HER AS BAIT FOR A MAN!

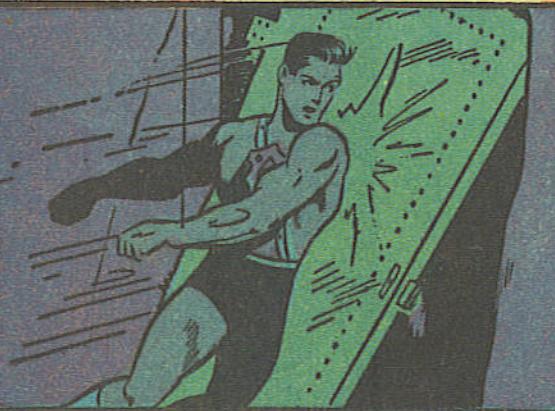




QUICK! TELL ME WHERE THAT TREASURE VAULT IS IF YOU WANT TO LIVE!

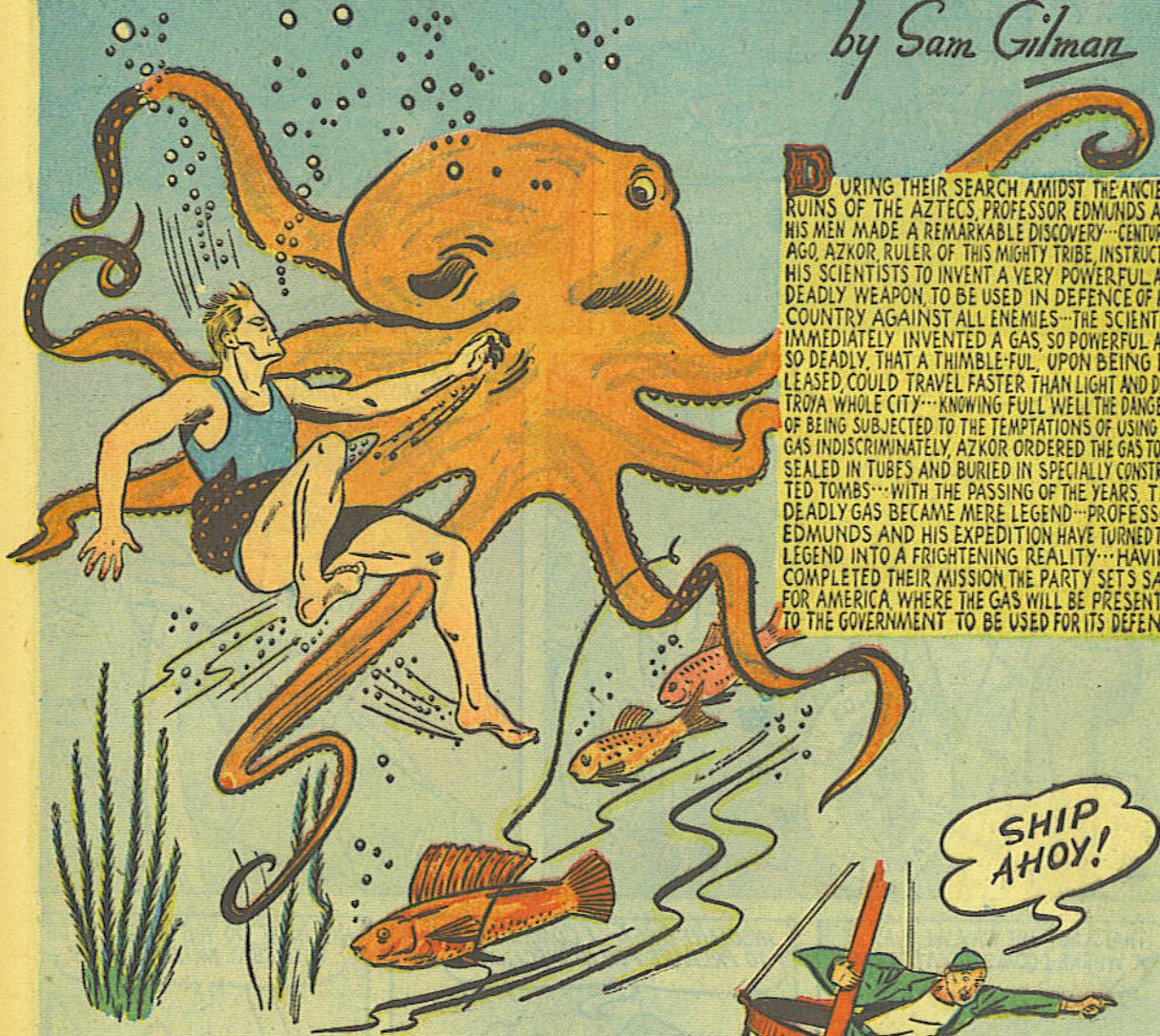
SURE-SURE-PAL-RIGHT BEHIND THAT STEEL DOOR, IN BACK OF ME!

KNOCKING THE GUARDS UNCONSCIOUS, A MAN RUSHES AGAINST THE DOOR



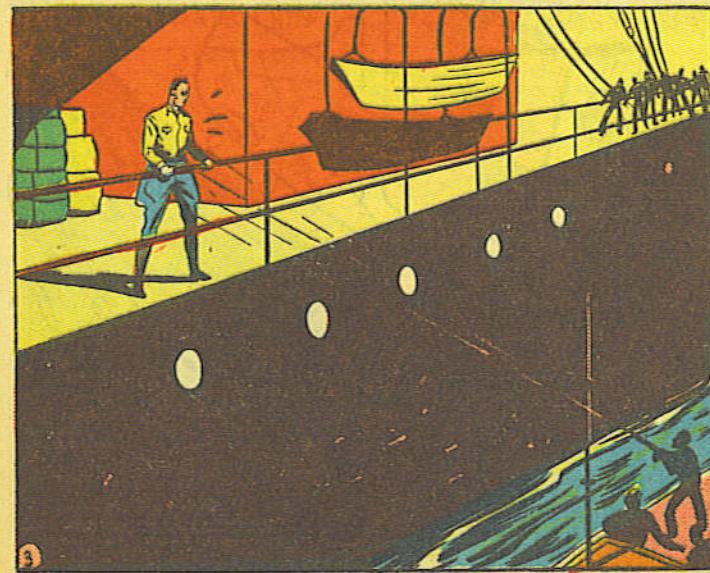
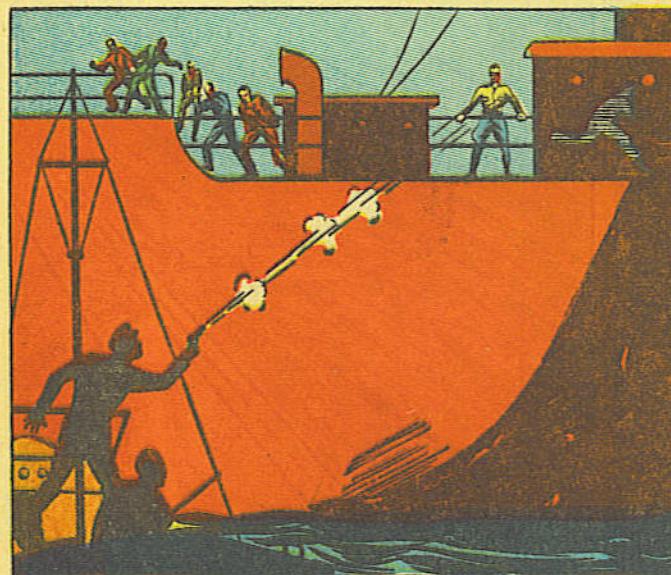
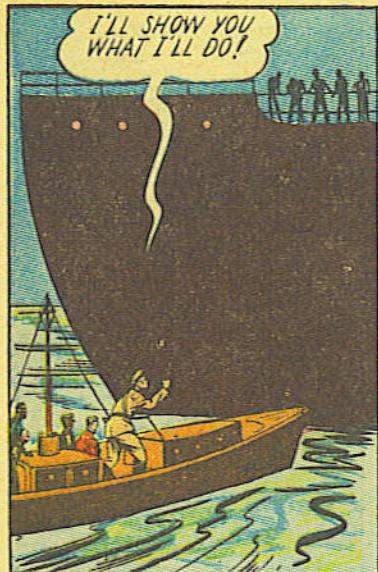
# the IRON SKULL

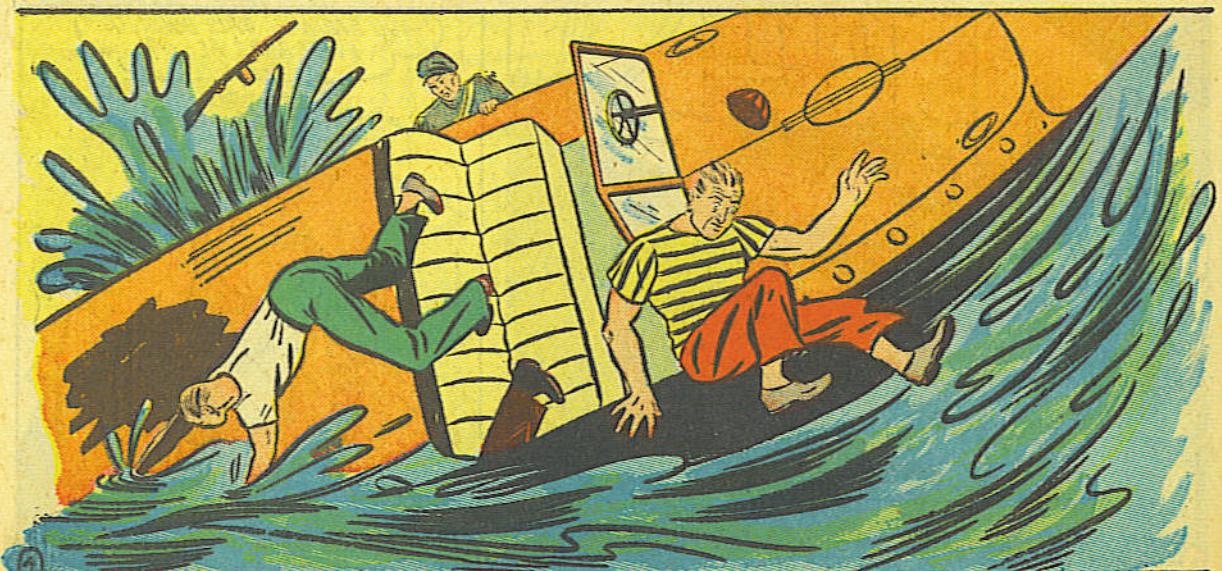
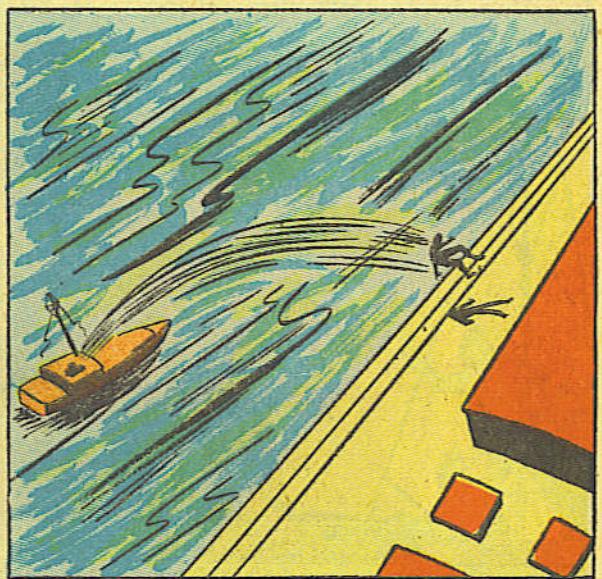
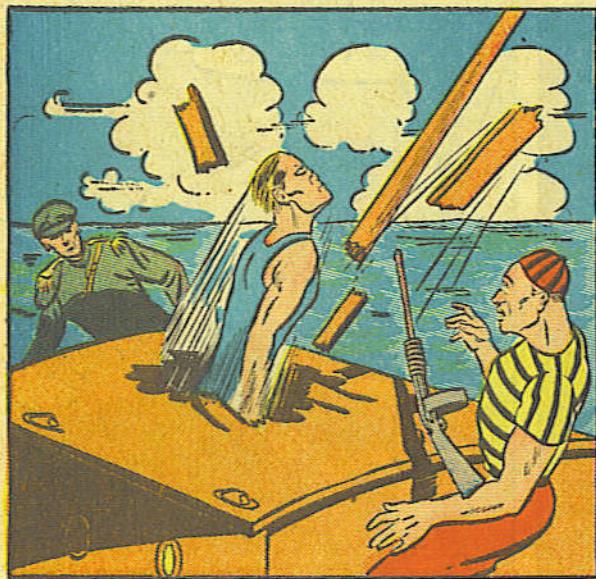
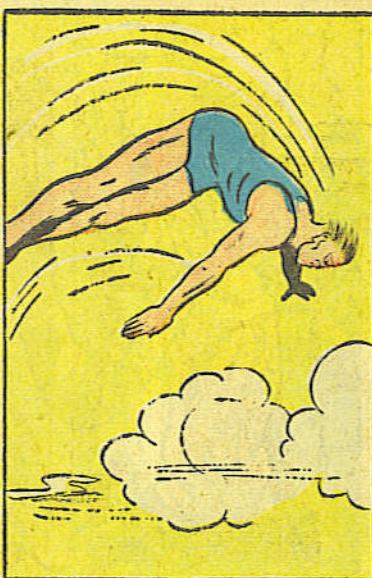
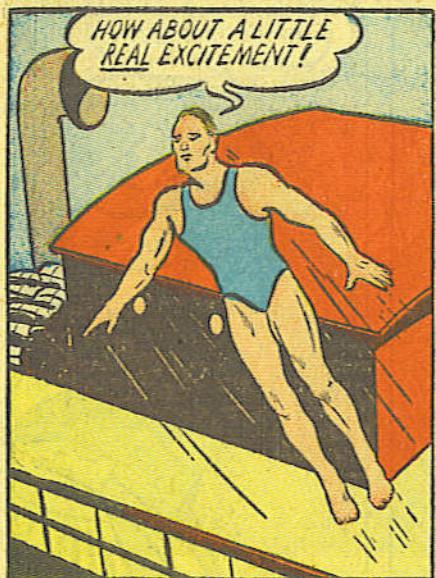
by Sam Gilman

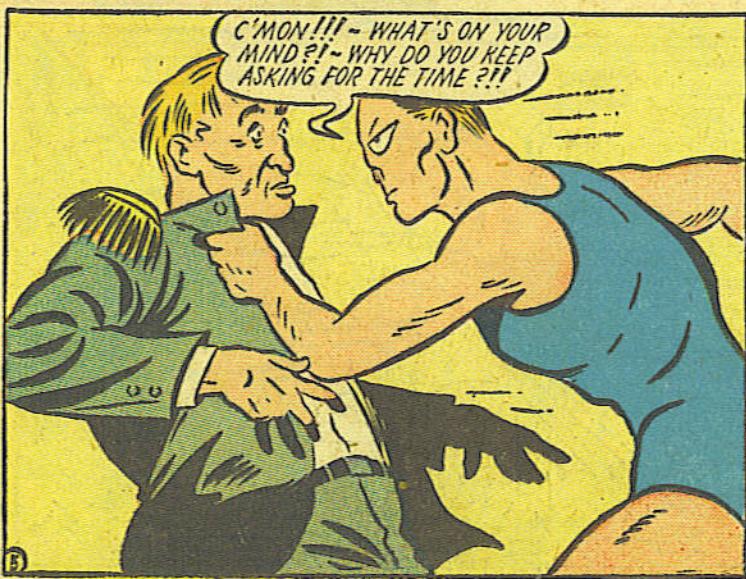
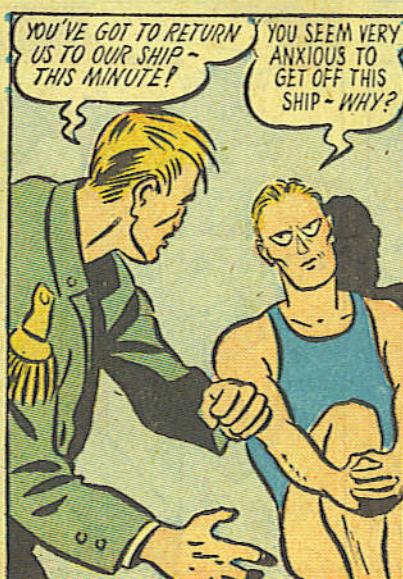
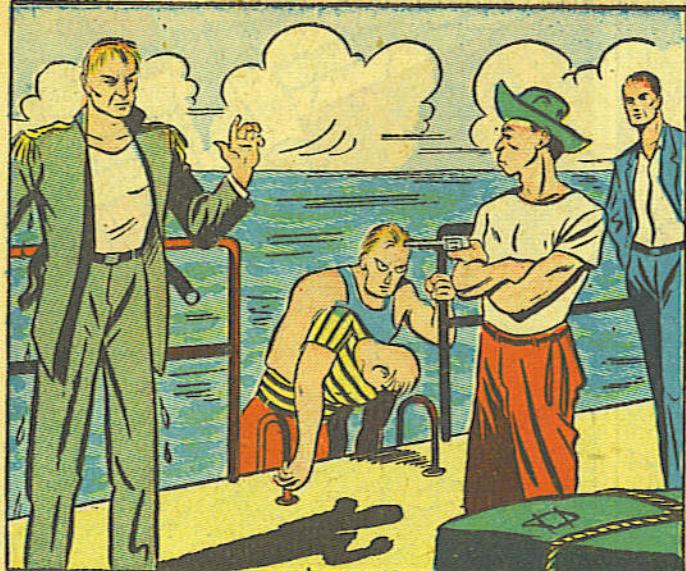


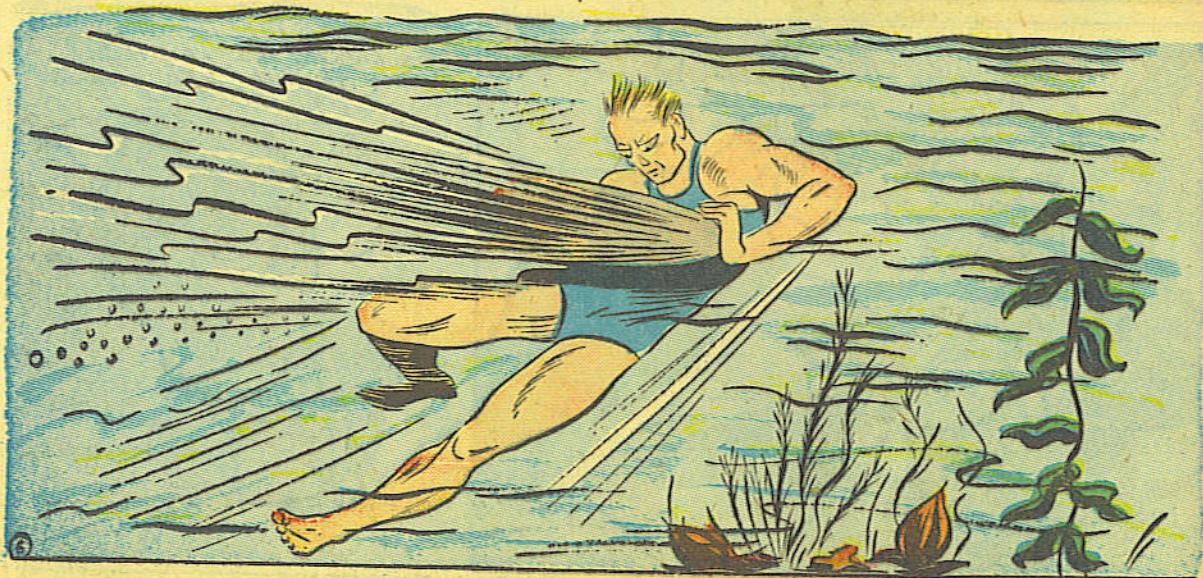
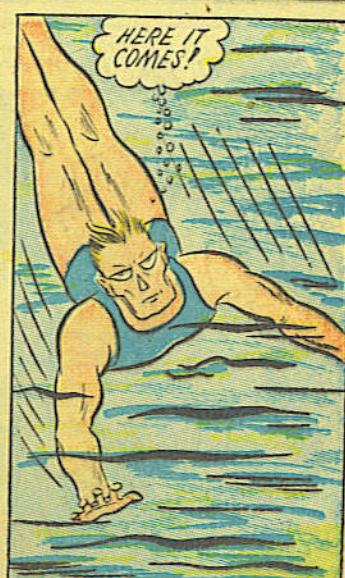
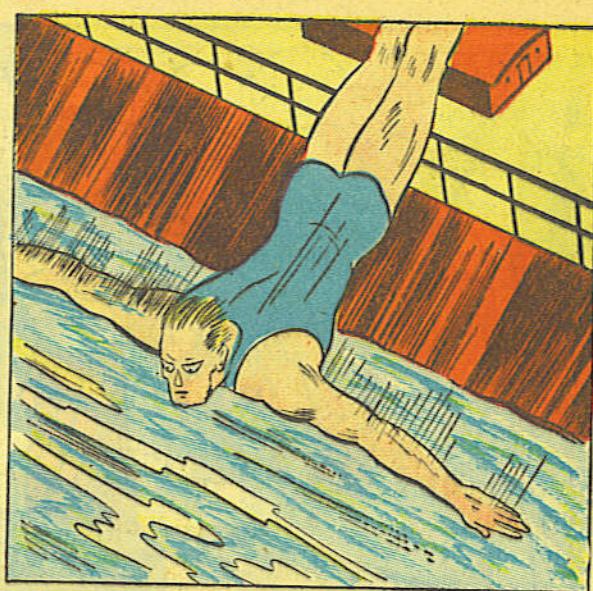
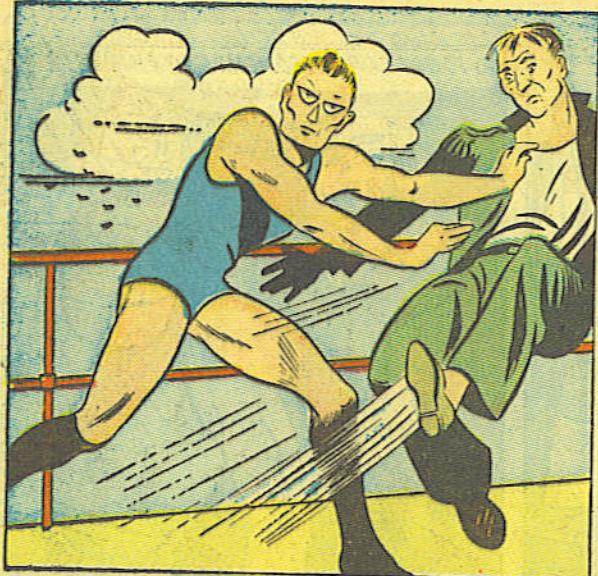
DURING THEIR SEARCH AMIDST THE ANCIENT RUINS OF THE AZTECS, PROFESSOR EDMUNDS AND HIS MEN MADE A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY--CENTURIES AGO, AZKOR, RULER OF THIS MIGHTY TRIBE, INSTRUCTED HIS SCIENTISTS TO INVENT A VERY POWERFUL AND DEADLY WEAPON, TO BE USED IN DEFENCE OF HIS COUNTRY AGAINST ALL ENEMIES--THE SCIENTISTS IMMEDIATELY INVENTED A GAS, SO POWERFUL AND SO DEADLY, THAT A THIMBLE-FUL, UPON BEING RELEASED COULD TRAVEL FASTER THAN LIGHT AND DESTROY A WHOLE CITY--KNOWING FULL WELL THE DANGERS OF BEING SUBJECTED TO THE TEMPTATIONS OF USING THE GAS INDISCRIMINATELY, AZKOR ORDERED THE GAS TO BE SEALED IN TUBES AND BURIED IN SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED TOMBS--WITH THE PASSING OF THE YEARS, THE DEADLY GAS BECAME MERE LEGEND--PROFESSOR EDMUNDS AND HIS EXPEDITION HAVE TURNED THE LEGEND INTO A FRIGHTENING REALITY--HAVING COMPLETED THEIR MISSION, THE PARTY SETS SAIL FOR AMERICA, WHERE THE GAS WILL BE PRESENTED TO THE GOVERNMENT TO BE USED FOR ITS DEFENSE

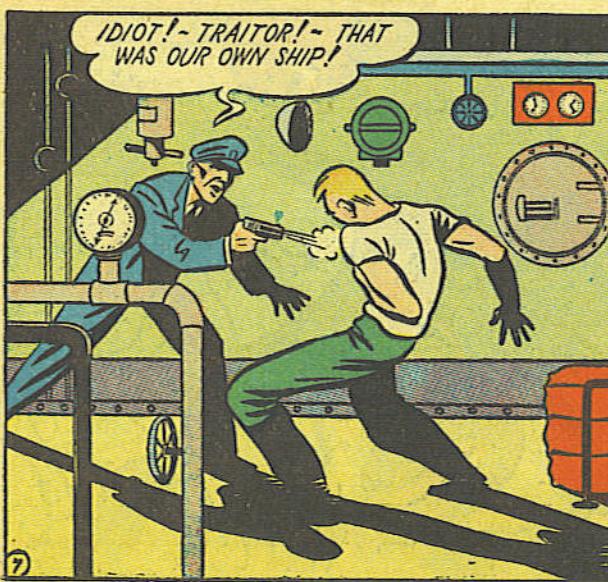


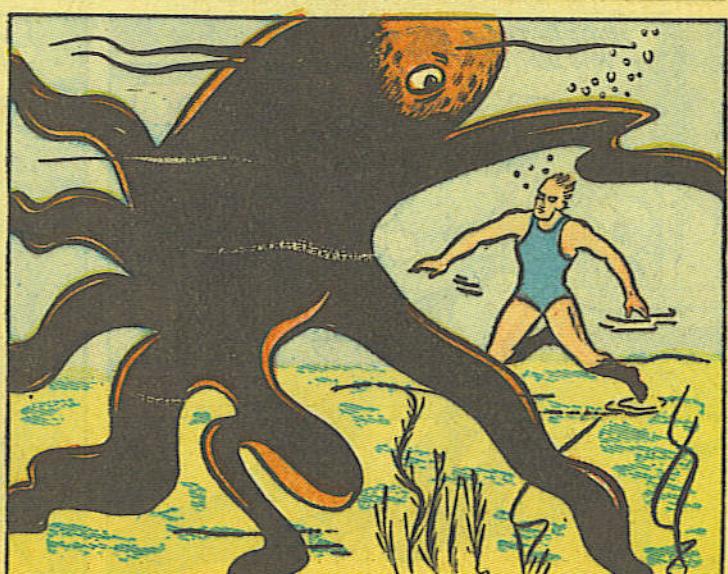
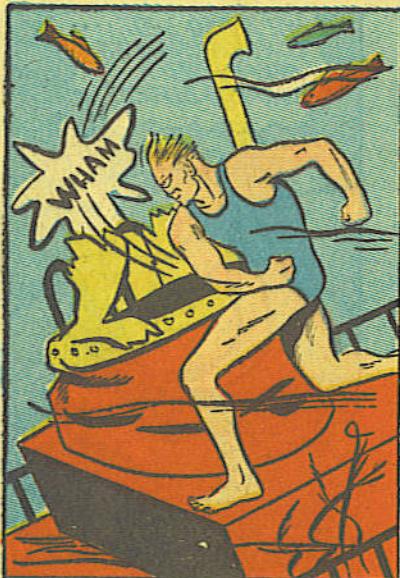
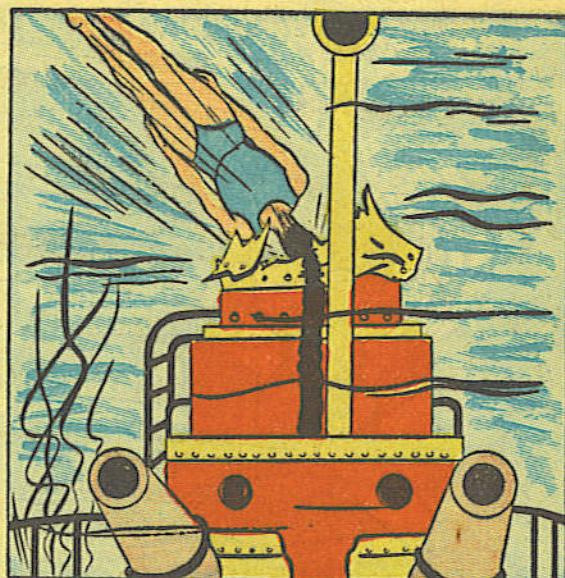
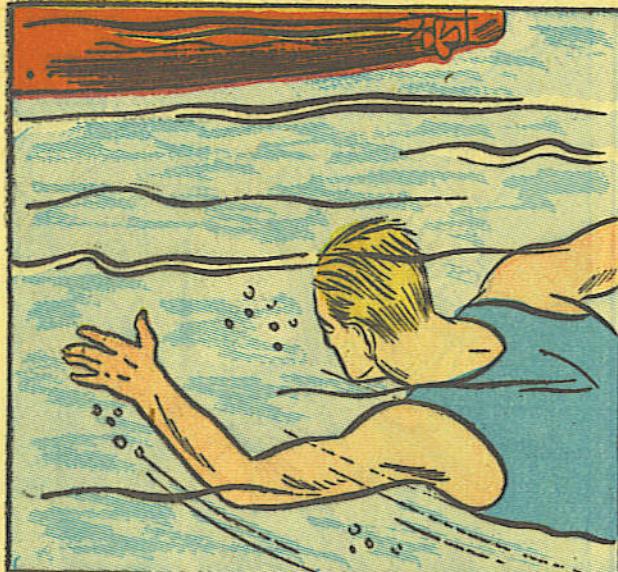


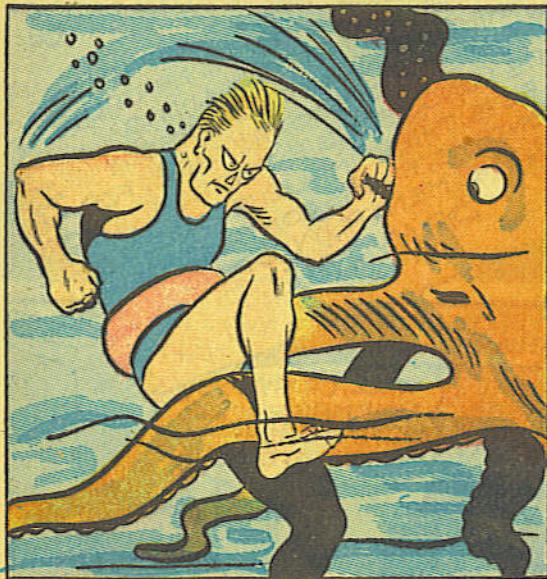
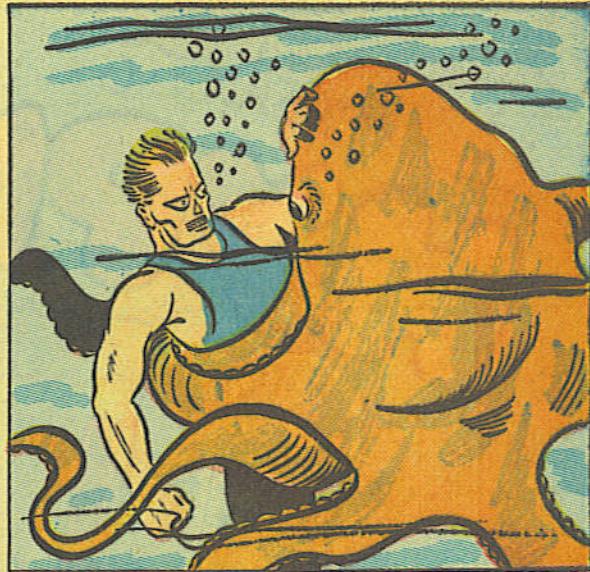












THAT'S BAD FOR THE  
TEETH, MY FRIEND!

THERE HE IS!

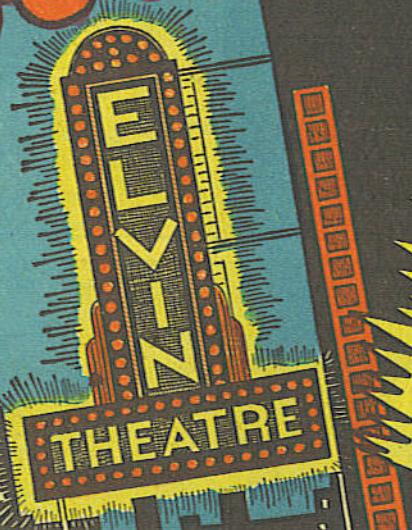
ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT,

NOW—  
THANKS

I'LL FEEL  
BETTER WHEN  
THE GAS IS SAFE  
IN AMERICA!

# Doctor HYPNO

By  
Frank Thomas



**DR. HYPNO! - PSYCHOLOGIST, HYPNOTIST, AND CRIMINOLOGIST!!**  
**A MAN WHOSE AMAZING KNOWLEDGE AND DEEDS HAVE MADE HIM A FAMOUS FIGURE THROUGHOUT THE NATION!!**  
**KNOWN ONLY TO A FEW INMATES, HOWEVER, IS DR. HYPNO'S LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN MENTAL SCIENCE - THE MENTAL TRANS.**  
**POSITION OF ANIMALS!!**  
**BY HYPNOTISM, DR. HYPNO IS ABLE TO TRANSFER HIS MENTALITY TO THE BODY OF ANY LIVING ANIMAL, WHILE HIS OWN BODY LAPSES INTO A COMA!! - THUS, FOR AS LONG AS THE HYPNOTISM LASTS, THE ANIMAL SUBJECTED CONTAINS, AND IS CONTROLLED BY, THE MENTALITY OF DR. HYPNO!**

ELVIN THEATRE

**TONIGHT** for Benefit of Charity  
**AMATEUR PAGEANT OF THE AGES**

WITH A CAST OF 100 OF YOUR LEADING CITIZENS INCLUDING.  
 GOV. GRAFT — SEN. FILCHIT  
 HON. M.I. BLUE, MAYOR  
 DR. HYPNO IVAN COE

**-PLUS-**  
 1- PROFESSIONAL ACT-1

**LANA AND LEO**

ONLY WOMAN LION TAMER ON TOUR!

GEE! - I'D SURE LIKE TO SEE DR. HYPNO!

AND BACKSTAGE AT THE ELVIN —

WELL, DR. HYPNO,  
 YOU MAKE QUITE A DASHING MUSKETEER!



WHAT! - CAN THIS BE SAM WILLIAMS, OUR RELENTLESS YOUNG DISTRICT ATTORNEY? - SCARSKULL WILL GET A LAUGH WHEN HE SEES YOU IN THAT GET-UP!! - I'LL LAY YOU TEN TO ONE HE'S IN THE AUDIENCE TONIGHT!!

YEH - MEBBE! - BUT OUR OFFICE WILL HAVE THE LAST LAUGH!  
 - WAIT AND SEE!

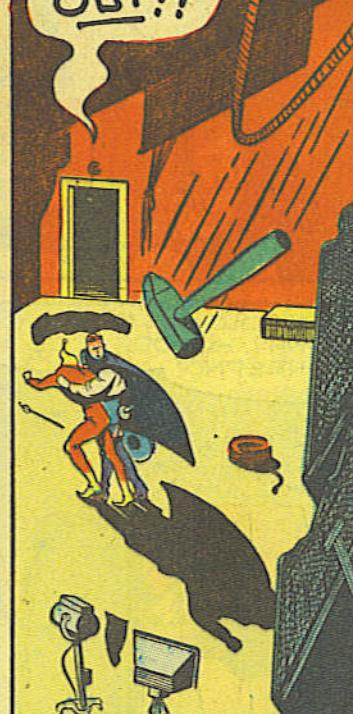


CLUES ARE COMING IN FAST  
AND HOT!!-THE EVIDENCE IS  
MOUNTING HIGHER THAN EVER!  
-WELL HAVE SCARSKULL AND  
HIS ENTIRE MOB BY THE END  
OF NEXT WEEK!!

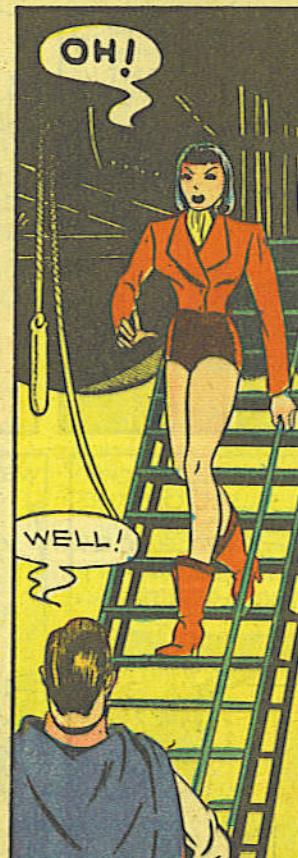
SCENCI ACT 2  
YOU'D BETTER! - THE  
NEWSPAPERS ARE  
RIDING YOU PLENTY—  
**-WATCH  
OUT!!**

PHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE  
CALL!!-THANK YOU FRIEND.  
YOU SAVED MY LIFE!! - I  
OUGHT TO PROSECUTE THAT  
CARELESS STAGEHAND!!  
-WELL, I'LL SEE YOU LATER  
DOCTOR!

SO LONG, SAM -



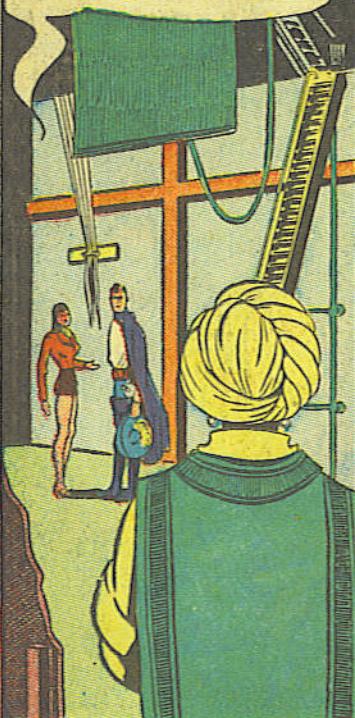
MM-MM-M !! - "CARELESS STAGE-HAND"!! - I HAVE MY DOUBTS!! - I'LL WAGER THAT FALLING SLEDGE WAS DELIBERATE!!



YOU ARE DR. HEEPNO--!  
-I SEE YOUR PEECTURE  
IN NEWSPAPER MANY  
TIMES - OH! HERE COME  
MY ASSEESTANT - BOLO!

BOLÓ, THEES EES THE GR-REAT DOCTOR  
HEEPNO - YOU MUS' EXCUSE BOLÓ,  
HE CANNOT TALK - HE EES WHAT YOU  
CALL A MUTE - EES EET NOT  
SAD ??

HOW-DO!



COME, BOLÓ - WE MUS' BE ON  
OUR WAY! - GOODBYE DOC-  
TOR HEEPNO!

THERE GOES A PAIR THAT  
WOULDNT HESITATE TO  
DROP A SLEDGE ON  
ANYONE!!



-AND THIS MUST BE LEO, OF LANA AND  
LEO, THAT MAKES UP THE PROFESSIONAL  
END OF TONIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT!!  
-I'D TRUST HIM FARTHER THAN I WOULD  
HIS MISTRESS, AT THAT!



I TELL YOU - THAT D.A. MUST BE KNOCKED  
OFF TONIGHT! - THE PRESSURE ON THE  
MOB IS GETTIN' TERRIFIC!  
-HE'S OUT TO GET US! PATIENCE,  
SCARSKULL! - I  
HAVE ANOTHER PLAN-



IN THE  
DRESS-  
ING  
ROOM  
OF  
LANA -



WELL? - EET EES VER'SEEMPLE!! - THE  
DEESTREET ATTORNEY'S DRESS-  
ING ROOM EES SEPARATE FROM THE  
OTHERS, NO? - AFTER THE  
SHOW HE WEELE BE EEN  
THERE REMOVING HEES  
MAKEUP, NO? - THAT  
EES THE  
TIME!!



I WEEL THEN FREE LEO--LEO WEEL BE VER' HUNGRY--I WEEL TAKE LEO TO THE DRESSEENG ROOM OF THE DEESTREET ATTORNEY AND OPEN THE DOOR--LEO WEEL MAKE MINCE-MEAT OF HEEM!!--I DEESAPPEAR AND EVER' ONE THINK LEO'S ESCAPE EES AN ACCIDENT!!

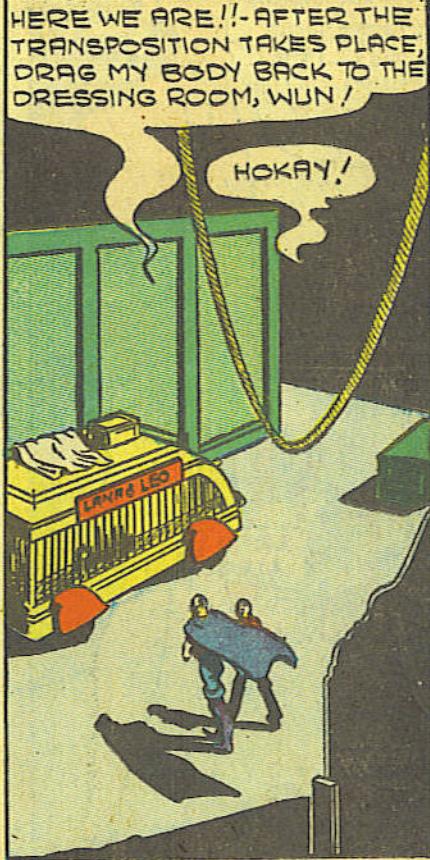
I TAKE BACK ALL I SAID, SLANT-EYES! THAT IDEA IS A CLASSIC!

LATER...

'SHOW'S OVER, WUN! NOW WE GO TO WORK! LISTEN--I HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT THOSE PROFESSIONALS-LANA AND BOLO-OF NOT BEING WHAT THEY PRETEND!!--I'M GOING TO PERFORM MENTAL TRANSPOSITION ON THEIR LION AND SEE IF I CAN'T GET NEXT TO THEIR GAME!--C'MON, WE'LL GO TO LEO'S CAGE RIGHT NOW!!

HERE WE ARE!!-AFTER THE TRANSPOSITION TAKES PLACE, DRAG MY BODY BACK TO THE DRESSING ROOM, WUN!

HOKAY!



THE HYPNOTISM IS TRANSMITTED AND THE MENTAL TRANSPOSITION BEGINS!





"DR. HYPNO" LEAPS AT LANA AS SHE FRANTICALLY FIRES HER EMERGENCY BLANK CARTRIDGES!



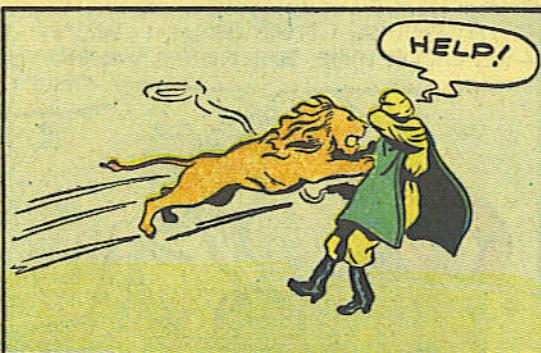
THE ENTIRE CAST IS ATTRACTED BY LANA'S SCREAMS, BUT IS TOO TERRIFIED TO MOVE!!



BUT BOLO HAS ONE LAST DESPERATE CHANCE !



BOLO'S BULLET GOES WILD - AND "DR. HYPNO" IS UPON HIM IN A FLASH !



CRAZY WITH FEAR, SCARSKULL GRABS AT A ROPE AND CLIMBS UPWARD.



"DR. HYPNO" GRASPS THE ROPE IN HIS MIGHTY JAWS.



UNABLE TO KEEP HIS  
GRIP ON THE LASHING  
ROPE - SCARSKULL PLUN-  
GES TO HIS DEATH!!



MENTAL TRANSPOSITION PAID BIG DIVIDENDS THIS EVENING!  
--NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET BACK TO THE CASE BEFORE  
--THE HYPNOTISM WEARS OFF - AND BE-  
FORE SOMEONE SHOOTS ME!!

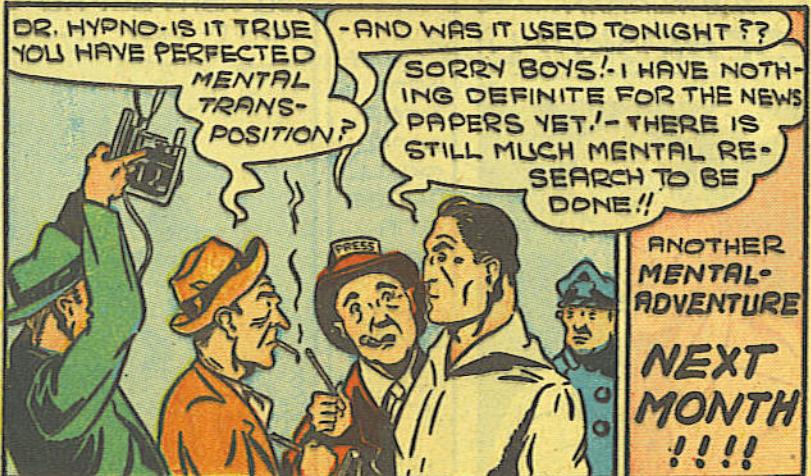


AND  
BACK  
IN THE  
DRESS-  
ING  
ROOM-

RETURNING - I AWAKEN - I - I - WUN! - ALL'S WELL!  
- WE DID A FINE EVENINGS WORK - YOU AND LEO  
AND I !!



DR. HYPO - IS IT TRUE  
YOU HAVE PERFECTED  
MENTAL  
TRANS-  
POSITION?



# OFF-SHORE ENEMIES

## A ROCKE WAYBURN SPY ADVENTURE

ROCKE WAYBURN, HARD-FIGHTING SEA ADVENTURER, WAS HEADED FROM FRISCO TO SINGAPORE WHEN ROUNDING SHELL POINT A FEW MILES FROM THE CITY....

BUT CAP'N WAYBURN YOU SAY WE'S SHOVIN' OFF FO' SINGAPORE AND NOW YOU WANTS TO STOP

THAT FLAG OVER OLD JERRY FLYNN'S COTTAGE IS UPSIDE DOWN. THAT MEANS TROUBLE

AFTER LANDING ROCKE RUSHES INTO THE CABIN TO FIND OLD FLYNN IN BED

SO THEY SHOT ME, LEFT ME FOR DEAD AND GRABBED MY DAUGHTER, MARY, WHO WORKS IN THE CITY AND WAS HERE ON HER VACATION

WHERE DOES YOUR DAUGHTER WORK IN THE CITY?

SHE WORKS FOR THE WESTERN INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT

SO THAT'S IT. THOSE SO-CALLED FISHERMEN ARE FOREIGN SPIES. THE PAPERS SAY THEY'VE BEEN MAPPING OUR WEST COAST DEFENSES. I'M GOING AFTER THEM IN YOUR POWER BOAT

LEAVING JHIM TO CARE FOR THE WOUNDED MAN, ROCKE SPEEDS OUT IN SEARCH OF THE ORIENTAL SPIES WHOM HE BELIEVES TO HAVE KIDNAPED MARY FLYNN TO GET INFORMATION SHE POSSESSES.

THOSE SO-CALLED FISHERMEN HANG OUT ON TARTAR ISLAND, AND I'LL GET THERE ABOUT DARK

AFTER A ROUGH VOYAGE ON THE CHOPPY PACIFIC... THERE'S TARTAR ISLAND... I'LL DROP ANCHOR, BUNDLE MY CLOTHES IN A WATER-PROOF TARP AND SWIM ASHORE WHEN IT GETS DARKER

BY THE TIME I GET THERE IT SHOULD BE DARK

THERE'S THEIR SHACK  
NOW IF I CAN SAIL IN  
AND SURPRISE  
THEM...

WITHOUT  
WARNING  
ROCKE  
BURSTS IN  
ON THE  
SPIES

IT'S THE PAY-OFF GET YOUR  
HANDS UP. I WANT TO KNOW  
WHERE MARY FLYNN IS

BUT THE  
ORIENTALS  
CHOOSE  
TO FIGHT  
IT OUT

ROCKE STUMBLERS AS HE RETREATS  
BACKWARD FROM THE DEADLY KNIFE

FOR A  
MOMENT  
ROCKE  
FEARS  
HE HAS LOST  
THE  
DESPERATE  
GAMBLE

THEN WITH A JACKKNIFE KICK...

KNIVES AREN'T  
POLITE

NOW YOUD BETTER TELL ME  
WHERE MARY FLYNN  
IS!

WE NO  
TALK

THEN IF YOU WON'T TALK, I'LL  
TAKE A LOOK AROUND THIS  
ISLAND MYSELF

NOTHING HERE IT LOOKS  
LIKE THESE SPYING DEVILS  
HAD ME BESTED BUT I'LL  
KEEP TRYING

AH, THAT LOOKS INTERESTING  
MIGHT BE ONLY AN ICED  
FISH-STORAGE SHIP  
AND THEN IT  
MIGHT BE...

ONCE MORE  
ROCKE'S  
LONG-DISTANCE  
SWIMMING  
ABILITY  
AIDS HIM

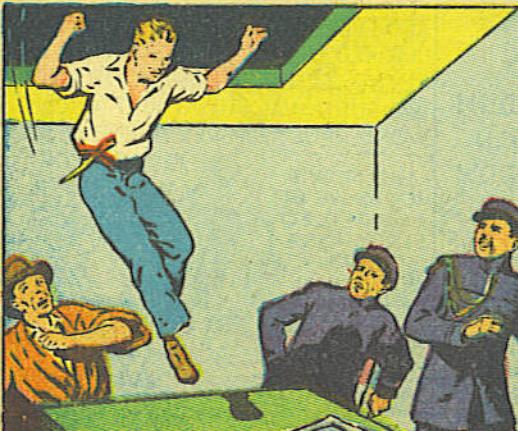
WELL I'LL SOON FIND  
OUT WHAT'S DOING  
ON THIS TUB

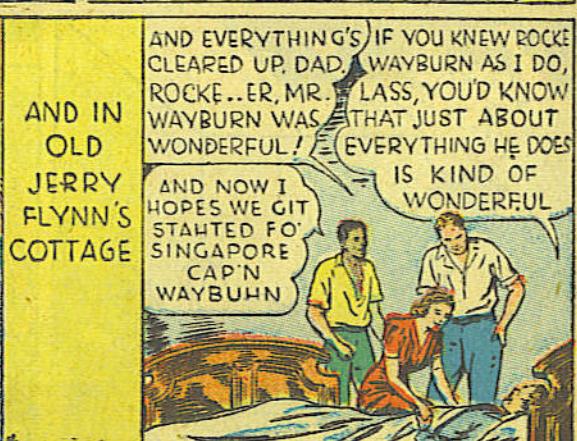
SILENTLY ELUDING A SENTRY...

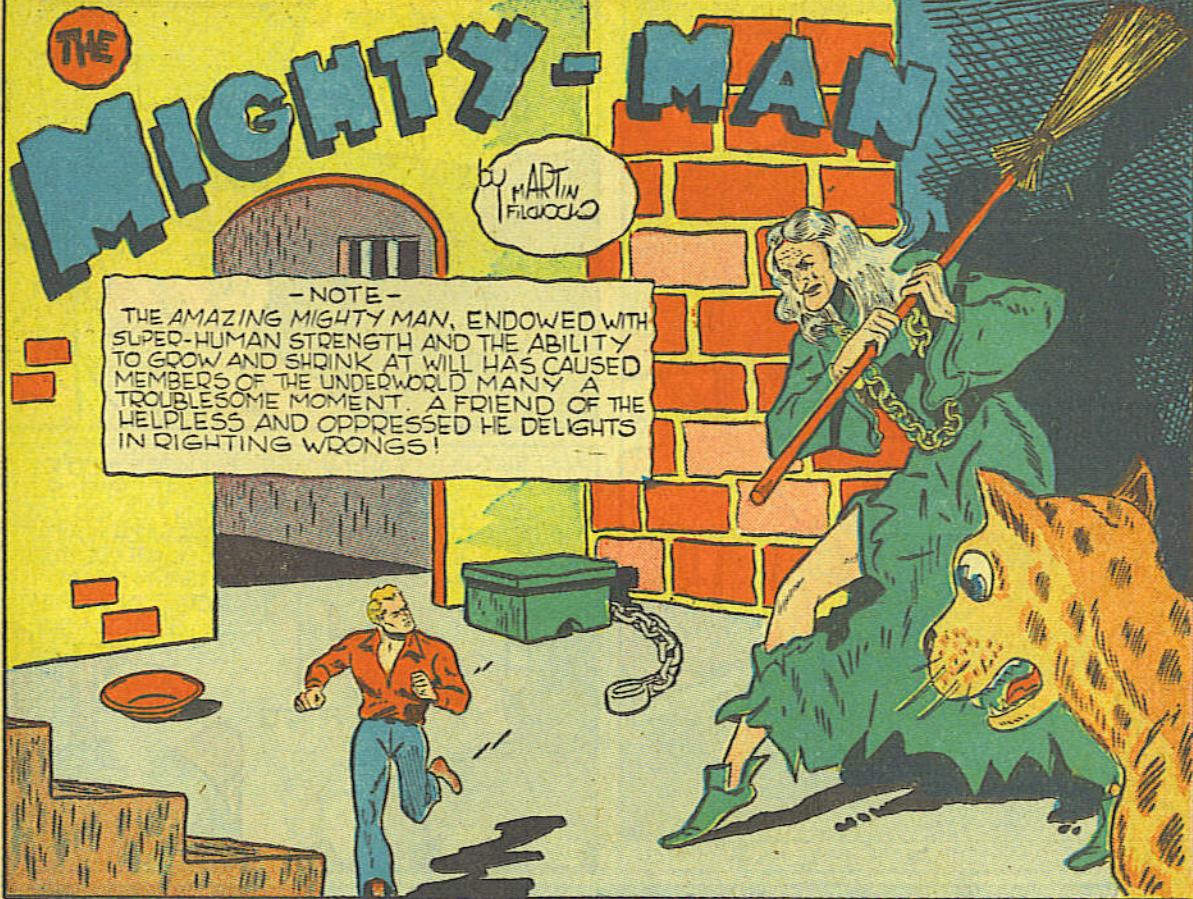
ROCKE  
PEERS  
DOWN  
THROUGH A  
HATCHWAY

NOW AMERICAN GIRL  
MARK FOR US THE  
LOCATION OF THE  
DEFENSE GUNS ON  
THIS MAP OR YOU  
DIE BY TORTURE

I'LL BE TORTURED  
TO DEATH BEFORE  
I WILL GIVE AWAY  
THE SECRETS OF  
MY COUNTRY







OUR STORY OPENS IN THE OFFICE OF A LARGE MUNITION PLANT. A SCIENTIST-DOCTOR IS SPEAKING TO THE PRESIDENT!



TWO STRANGERS GREET THE DOCTOR AS HE LEAVES



BUT THE DOCTOR PREFERENCES DEATH TO SEEING THE WITCH!



ON THE FOLLOWING DAY THE MUNITION PLANT CATCHES AFIRE



THE BLAZE WAS FOLLOWED BY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!



I HEAR YOU'RE SHORT  
HANDED! HOW ABOUT  
A JOB!

I'VE BEEN LOOKING  
FOR A BIG STRONG MAN.  
BLD! SO I GUESS  
YOU'RE HIRED!

A FEW DAYS LATER WHILE WORKMEN WERE CLEARING THE DEBRIS THE MIGHTY MAN OFFERS HIS ASSISTANCE!

IT'S FUNNY! THERE'S NO  
TRACE OF THE MISSING  
PRESIDENT! HM-M  
BURNING FLESH! I'LL  
HAVE TO LOOK INTO  
THIS!

BUT ONE DAY HIS KEEN NOSTRILS DETECT THE ODOR  
OF BURNING FLESH COMING OUT OF A SMALL HOLE!

I WONDER WHY WE DIDN'T  
SMELL IT BEFORE? OH WELL!  
I'LL SOON FIND OUT!

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED!  
I WAS A FULL GROWN  
MAN ONCE BUT I  
WAS SHRUNK BY  
A PERSON CALLED  
THE WITCH!

OH!  
PERHAPS  
WE CAN  
GET AWAY  
TOGETHER  
THEN!

FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS THE MIGHTY MAN THRILLS  
HIS FELLOW WORKERS WITH HIS AMAZING STRENGTH

DO YOU THINK  
THE TRUCK WILL  
HOLD THIS  
PEBBLE?

THIS GUY  
AIN'T HUMAN!

IT MIGHT BE THE EVIDENCE  
THEY'RE LOOKING FOR! A RAT  
MUST HAVE DRAGGED A PIECE  
OF FLESH INTO HIS DEN!

BY SUPER THOUGHT CONTROL HE SHRINKS AND ENTERS  
THE HOLE! HIS SPECIAL RUBBERIZED CLOTHING ALSO SHRINK

MY GOSH! AN UNDERGROUND  
BUILDING! I'M SURE THE CITY  
DON'T KNOW OF ITS EXISTANCE!  
THIS IS GETTING  
MYSTERIOUS!

SHE'S HOLDING ME A PRISONER HERE WITH AN ELDERLY  
MAN! THE WITCH JUST TRIED TO PRY A SECRET OUT  
OF HIM BY BRANDING HIS SKIN BUT HE FAINTED!  
PLEASE GET ME OUT OF HERE! IF WE COULD  
OPEN THIS DOOR WE COULD MAKE OUR ESCAPE!

GOOD HEAVENS,  
WHAT ARE YOU?

CAUGHT BEFORE  
I HAD A CHANCE  
TO GET TO MY  
NORMAL SIZE!  
I HOPE SHE BELIEVES  
MY STORY!

OH!  
PERHAPS  
WE CAN  
GET AWAY  
TOGETHER  
THEN!

THE WITCH DOESN'T KNOW THAT I CAN SHRINK EVEN SMALLER! WATCH THIS!

WITH A TREMENDOUS LEAP THE MIGHTY MAN DISAPPEARS INTO THE KEY HOLE

YOU HIDE HERE! I'LL SNEAK BACK AND TRY TO DO SOMETHING FOR THE OLD MAN YOU SPOKE OF!

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED I'M HERE TO HELP YOU! WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE!

YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! YOU ARE THE WITCH! I'LL DIE BEFORE I'LL REVEAL THAT SECRET FORMULA! GO AWAY!

PLEASE LET ME HELP YOU! TRUST ME I'M YOUR FRIEND!

NO! NO! GO AWAY YOU TERRIBLE WITCH!

SECONDS LATER THE MIGHTY MAN LOCATES THE OLD MAN BUT IN HIS HASTE HE FORGETS TO GROW BIG!

WITCH! WITCH! THAT'S ALL I HEAR AND I HAVE YET TO SEE HER! BUT IF I HAVE TIME TO CARRY OUT MY PLAN I'M BOUND TO SEE HER SOON!

I BELIEVE I SEE A CLOSET OVER THERE. I'LL PUT THIS GENT INTO IT! DISGUISE MYSELF AND WAIT FOR THE WITCH!

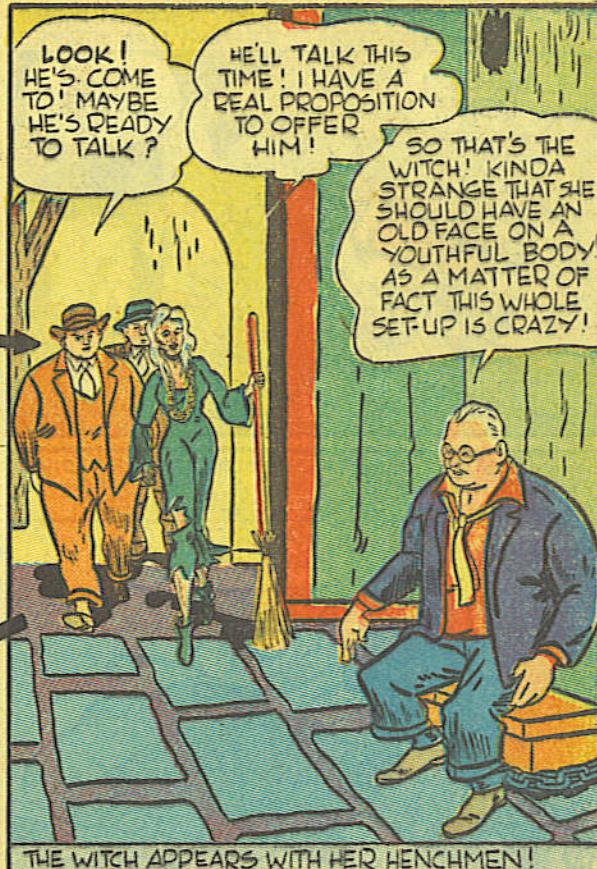
THE MIGHTY MAN DRAGS THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN INTO THE CLOSET AND IN A FEW MINUTES, BY THOUGHT SUGGESTION, HE LOOKED EXACTLY LIKE THE MAN IN HEIGHT, WEIGHT AND FEATURES!

THE MIGHTY MAN KNOCKS THE CAPTIVE UNCONSCIOUS!

I'LL NEED YOUR GLASSES



THEY STRIP THE DISGUISED MIGHTY MAN TO THE WAIST.



NOT WISHING TO SEE HIS ONLY SUIT OF SPECIAL RUBBERIZED CLOTHING DESTROYED! THE MIGHTY MAN STRIKES

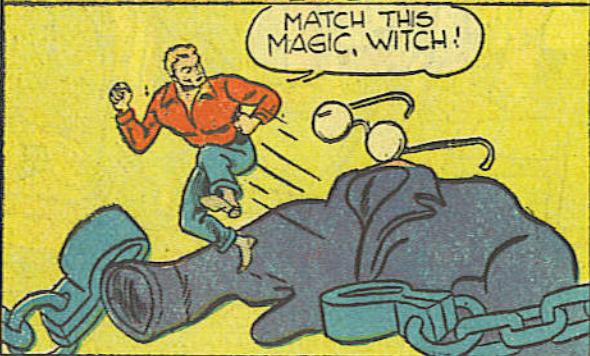
GREAT SCOTT!

NO YOU DON'T



IN AN INSTANT HE SHRINKS SMALL ENOUGH TO GET OUT OF THE LEG IRONS AND ALSO INTO HIS ORIGINAL SHAPE AS THE MIGHTY MAN!

MATCH THIS MAGIC, WITCH!



SUDDENLY THE CLOSET DOOR OPENS AND STRIKES THE WITCH, KNOCKING HER OFF BALANCE!

OUCH!

TORTURE ME, WILL YOU?

THANKS



THE WITCH, ASTONISHED BUT STILL ALERT, SWINGS AND HITS THE MIGHTY MAN WITH HER BROOM!

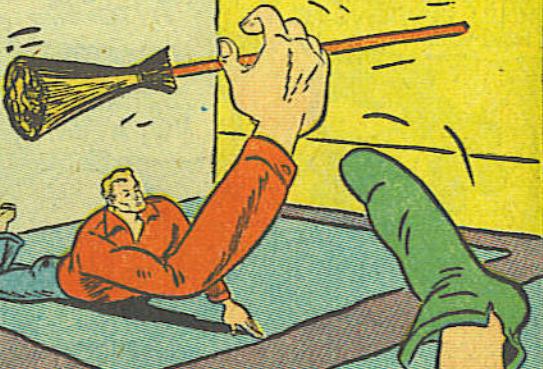
CLEVER, AREN'T YOU? BUT MY MAGIC WAND WILL MAKE YOU POWERLESS! LUGI, SLIMEY! FINISH HIM!

SOMETHING'S WRONG! I CAN'T SEEM TO GET MY THOUGHT CONTROL TO WORK!



FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON THE MIGHTY MAN IS POWERLESS! HIS THOUGHT CONTROL FAILS HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME!

THE MIGHTY MAN, AGAIN FREE, GRABS THE BROOM!



THE WITCH DISAPPEARS INTO THE FLOOR AS IF BY MAGIC

THE WITCH, WHERE IS SHE?

SHE DISAPPEARED INTO THE FLOOR, THROUGH A HIDDEN TRAPDOOR I SUPPOSE!

WHAT HAPPENED?



THE TWO MEN BREAK FOR THE DOORWAY!

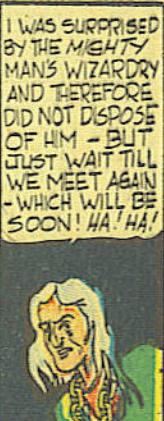
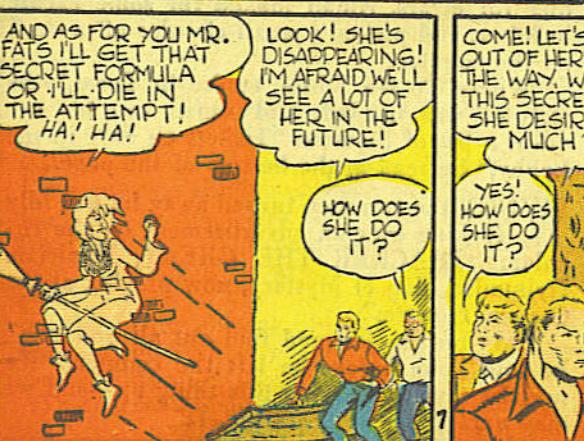
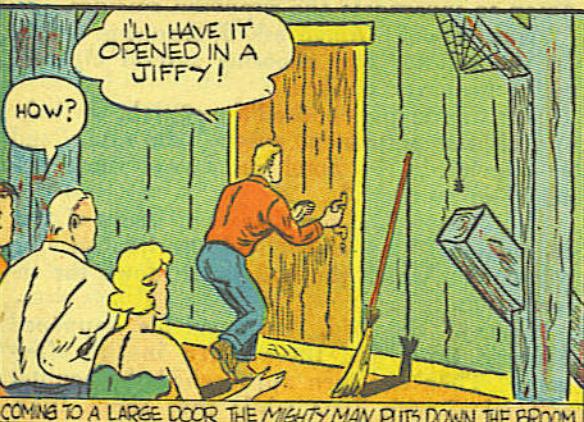
THERE'S NO TRAPDOOR HERE! HUH?

LOOK! THE MEN ARE GETTING AWAY!

LET'S SCRAM! THIS PLACE IS BEWITCHED!



BUT THE MIGHTY MAN IS NOT CAUGHT NAPPING



# DEATH LOOKS IN A MIRROR

by Duke Carey

## Another AMAZING-MAN Adventure

JOHN AMAN, known also as the AMAZING-MAN and "The Green Mist," left the airport at one-thirty in the afternoon. He had just flown in from the west coast and was to meet Zona Henderson, his assistant, at the Ullmark Hotel.

There was a reason for his meeting her at that particular place. Trouble had settled on the luxurious Ullmark Hotel like a black pall. Trouble drew John Aman and Zona like sugar draws flies.

The cab driver at the curb in front of the airport looked surprised when Aman gave the name of the hotel to which he was to be taken. "Hope you ain't thinking of doing a dive out the window there," he said as he opened the door.

Aman remained silent, deep in thought.

"Eight people have committed suicide by jumping out of the Ullmark's windows in less than two weeks," the cabby volunteered. "Maybe you want to change your mind and go to some other hotel."

"I said take me to the Ullmark," Aman repeated shortly.

"Okay, it's no skin off my nose," the driver said and turned his attention to the traffic.

THE pretty girl behind the cigar counter in the lobby of the Ullmark made no sign that she knew Aman when he came to the counter after registering and having his luggage sent to his room.

He made no sign of recognition either, but when a fat man had walked away after buying a pocketful of cigars Aman spoke in a low voice, his lips as still as Edgar Bergen's when Charlie McCarthy pulls his witty sayings.

"Found out anything, Zona?"

"Not much," Zona admitted ruefully. She had been given a temporary job at the cigar counter when the proprietor of the hotel had persuaded Aman to investigate the supposed suicides.

"How much?" Aman asked, throwing a coin on the counter and choosing several cigars—which he never smoked.

"I've thoroughly checked the officials, the help and all the permanent guests," she said, "and no one inside the hotel has caused those suicides—or murders."

"You've checked the dates and hours of the, er, suicides?" he asked, and she handed him a paper on which she had jotted down the information.

"Funny," she said, "every suicide happened between three and three-fifteen in the afternoon." Then two men approached the counter and joked with Zona while they shook high-dice for cigars. Aman looked for some excuse to loiter, and picked a small circular off a stack on the counter.

"Where To Go While You're in Town," the circular was headed, and Aman ran his eye down a list of theatres. "Tickets on Sale in the Lobby," he read at the bottom of the page.

WHEN the two men turned away he was idly looking over an advertisement on the circular: "THACKER THE GREAT, Magician, Hypnotist, Man of Mystery, now playing at the Corwin Theatre."

"Stay on the job and find out all you can," he told Zona before he left the counter. "We may be a week clearing this thing up—and we may not."

Out on the street once more, Aman walked around the hotel several times, looking at it from every angle. He was deeply puzzled as he stopped in front of an unfinished building that reared its towers directly across the street from the hotel.

Then his eyes fell on a sign over a construction shack at the bottom of the building.

The sign read: "This building is being erected for the Thacker Realty Company—offices now renting for occupancy in October."

FOR an instant Aman wondered where he had seen the name Thacker recently, then he started racing back to a phone booth in the lobby of the Hotel as he remembered the theatre advertisement.

"Please tell me on what afternoons the sun shone during the last two weeks," he said to the man at the other end of the wire when he had the weather bureau on the phone.

A light came into John Aman's keen eyes as he checked the dates given him by the weather man against the dates of the suicides. When he hung up the receiver, he strolled casually over to the cigar counter once more.

"Did you check on which side of the hotel those suicides occurred?" he asked Zona. If they had happened on more than one side of the building his theory was blown up, and he knew it.

"All on the west side, and all between the tenth and fourteenth floors," she told him. Aman smiled to himself as he walked away. The papers were right in saying that Zona Henderson was a trained investigator!

He approached the desk and asked the clerk, "Is the room you gave me on the west side of the hotel?"

"Nope, the south side," the clerk answered after he had looked over the room cards.

"Then change it at once," Aman requested. "I want a room on the west side, between the tenth and fourteenth floors."

IT WAS five minutes before three when Aman first looked out of the window of his new room. He stared for several minutes at the building across the street, not sure just what he was looking for, except that he felt sure it would be a man.

At a minute after three, his eyes were attracted by a glittering object in a paneless window of the great building. Then over the sheen of the small object he saw the face of a dark man.

The sun was shining on the wall of the building, and now the man's face came out full into the sunlight. Even at the distance he stood away from Aman, the Amazing-Man could see the sinister glitter of the other man's eyes, as the sun caught the shining object in his hands and reflected the light across the space between the two buildings.

Then from somewhere close came a compelling whisper. "Leap. Climb up through that

window and leap!" The man's lips were moving and, trained in lip-reading, Aman knew he was uttering the words, but the voice was coming from somewhere closer.

"Leap. Climb through that window and leap!" Aman felt a chill run up his spine as the voice came again and he gazed at the hypnotic eyes in that other building.

"Leap, leap!" Aman felt the hypnotic spell. He knew now why those eight people had leaped from the windows of the Ullmark Hotel. They had been forced into it by a hypnotic power!

SLOWLY, his limbs working strangely like those of one in a trance, Aman stepped up to the window sill, spread his hands and leaped. Someone cried out from the street below and Aman felt the rush of wind meet his downward flight.

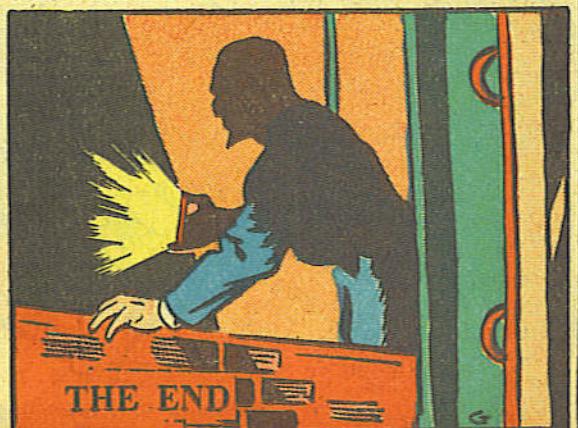
But even as his feet had left the window sill, Aman had begun to dissolve into the green mist. The mist hurtled across the space between the buildings and then John Aman leaped out of it, his hands gripping the wrists of the hypnotist, who was now dropping the shining mirror he had held.

"Simplicity itself," Aman smilingly told the police a few minutes later. "Thacker, the Great, this murdering hypnotist here, is the brother of the president of Thacker Realty Company. I don't know yet, but I'm willing to wager that the company wanted that hotel to add to their property. A few more killings like that and they'd have had it for a song, for people wouldn't live there."

"You're right, of course, but how'd you dope it out?" a cop asked.

"The hours and dates of the murders," Aman said. "He had to have sunlight to work, and the sun had to be against the building, shining on that mirror he held. At that distance, even Thacker, the Great would have to have a shining object to gain the victim's attention. That's the first principle of hypnotism."

"And oh yes, there's one thing I almost forgot. He had a loud-speaker system rigged up. You'll find the amplifier on the roof of the hotel. That's why his victims could hear him speak from across the street."



THE

# SHARK



THE SHARK IS AN AMAZING UNDER SEA CREATURE SERVING JUSTICE, HE HAS WEBBED HANDS AND FEET, THE SON OF FATHER NEPTUNE, WHO IS NOW IN THEIR UNDER SEA HOME TALKING OVER THE PRESENT NEWS WITH HIM



..I THINK ILL STAY HERE AWHILE  
AN' FIGGER THIS  
THING OUT  
SCIENTIFICALLY  
LIKE A LAND  
DETECTIVE  
DOES!!!!

LEW GLANZ

LATER, IN NEW YORK

HEY BOSS, THERE'S  
AN OLD BUCK THAT  
WANTS TO SEE YA'.  
SAYS IT'S IMPORTANT.

O.K. I'LL  
BE IN MY  
OFFICE!

MISTER SAMSON?? I'VE GOT SOME INFORMATION  
YOU MAY BE ABLE TO USE, THAT IS IF YOU'RE  
INTERESTED?

MAYBE I AM, WHAT'S IT ABOUT?  
..... CIGARETTE??

NO!  
THANKS

BUT  
WHAT MAKES  
YOU THINK I WANT THAT  
KIND OF INFORMATION, IM IN  
THE BREWERY  
BUSINESS??

THIS 'INFO'  
I'VE GOT IS  
THE SCHEDULE  
OF ALL U.S.  
GOVERNMENT  
BOATS' MOVE-  
MENTS!

OH! I GET  
YOUR ANGLE!

WELL I JUST HAD AN IDEA  
YOU WERE, BUT OF COURSE IF  
YOU'RE NOT, I CAN SELL IT  
SOME PLACE ELSE!!

SO LONG MISTER  
"SUCKER" SAMSON!

WAIT A MINUTE, POP!  
IDIDN'T SAY I  
WASN'T COME  
BACK AN LET'S  
TALK THIS  
THING OVER!

UH, HUH !! NOW  
YOU'RE BEING  
SMART! O.K.  
HERE'S THE DOPE  
BUT FIRST LET'S  
GET THE BUSINESS  
END OVER WITH!

SO YOU WONT GIVE ME THE LAST  
BIT OF INFORMATION UNLESS I TELL YOU WHO  
THE "BIG BOY" IS? O.K. WHAT'S THERE TO LOSE!  
HE'S FRANK COLLIER, AN INTERNATIONAL SPY.....

HOURS LATER  
WHEN THE  
OLDSAILOR  
HAS GIVEN  
MOST OF  
HIS "INFO"  
HE STOPS..

.... YA' KNOW POP, YOU'RE THE HARDEST GUY  
I'VE EVER DONE BUSINESS WITH, AND  
I'VE HANDLED A LOT OF IT

WELL I DON'T  
CLAIM TO BE OVER  
SMART, BUT I GET ALONG!

LATER WHEN THE OLD SAILOR LEAVES

HELLO! MACK?.. THIS IS  
SAMSON! YA KNOW THAT  
OLD GUY THAT JUST  
SAW ME, WELL HE'S ON  
HIS WAY HOME...  
FIX HIM UP!  
FOR GOOD!

... OH YES, DON'T FOR-  
GET AN' GET THE  
DOUGH THAT'S ON  
HIM!

LATER!

BOY IF THE SHARK KNEW THAT HIS FATHER  
WAS ON LAND GIVING AWAY PHONEY INFORMATION  
HE'D FAINT! I THINK I'LL PAY A FRIENDLY  
VISIT TO FRANK COLLIER'S AND THEN  
BACK TO MISTER SAMSON, AND  
BEAT THAT SON OF  
MINE TO THIS  
CASE!

O.K., POP! DON'T MAKE ANY  
NOISE!!



WHAT?  
ONLY TWO  
OF YOU?



THAT TAKE'S ALL THE  
KICK OUT OF  
IT!



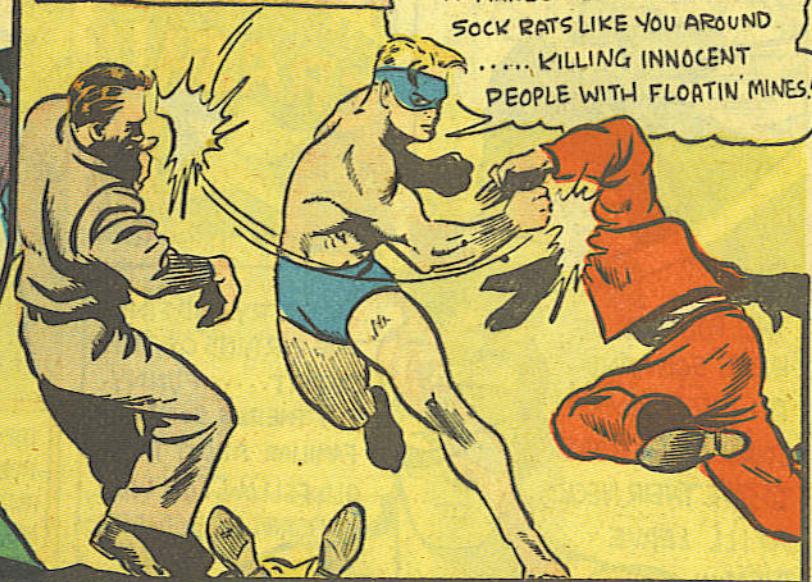
SCRAM BUD!  
YOU BOTHER ME!

HERE'S A COUPLE OF SOCKS  
FOR YOU PAL

O.K. BOYS WE'RE GOING BACK  
TO THE BOSSMAN, SAMSON!  
HE'LL BE A LITTLE SURPRISED

BUT MEANTIME THE SHARK  
IS GIVING SAMSON A SURPRISE

IT MAKES ME FEEL GOOD TO  
SOCK RATS LIKE YOU AROUND  
....., KILLING INNOCENT  
PEOPLE WITH FLOATIN' MINES!



COME ON YOU PUNK, WHO'S BEHIND ALL THIS  
WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER? TELL ME OR I'LL  
MASH YOUR SKULL  
IN!

SUDDENLY POP  
NEPTUNE COMES  
IN

WELL ILL BE...) WHY YOU MURDERERS...  
YOU EVEN GO SO FAR AS TO  
BRING YOUR VICTIMS  
IN HERE



I DON'T CARE  
HOW OLD YOU ARE, KILLER, I'M

GOING TO BEAT DAYLIGHT  
OUT OF YOU

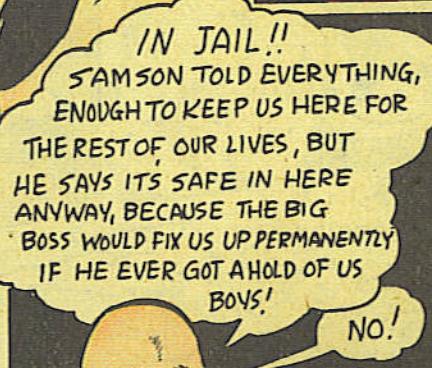
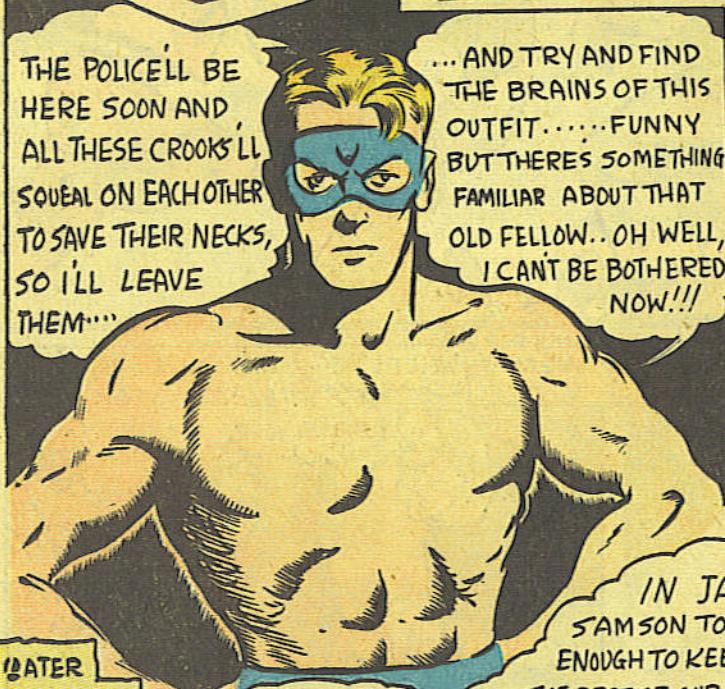
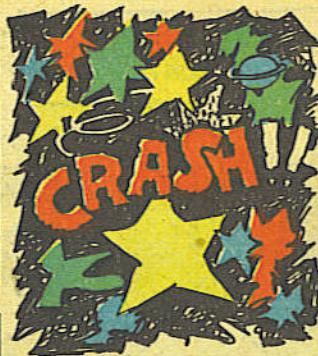


POP THROWS THE  
BODY AT THE SHARK



THE SHARK DOESN'T KNOW POP  
NEPTUNE, BECAUSE HE HAS  
SHAVED HIS BEARD OFF AND  
IS DRESSED UP IN LAND  
CLOTHS — AND POP CAN'T  
HOLD HIM OFF

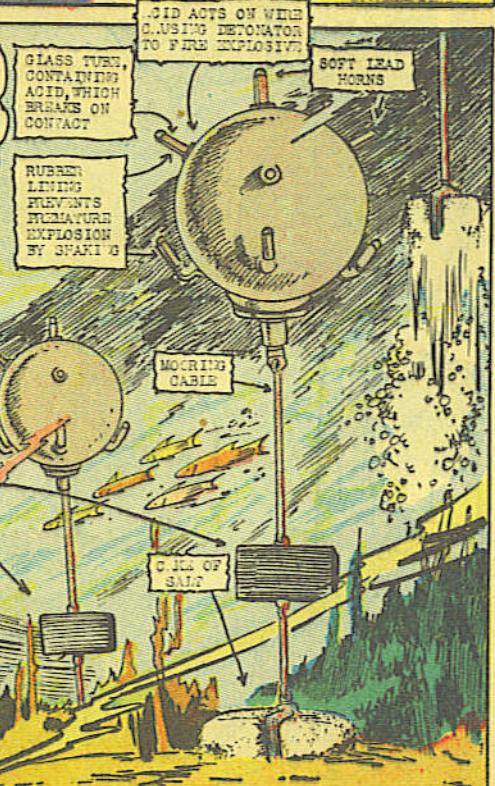




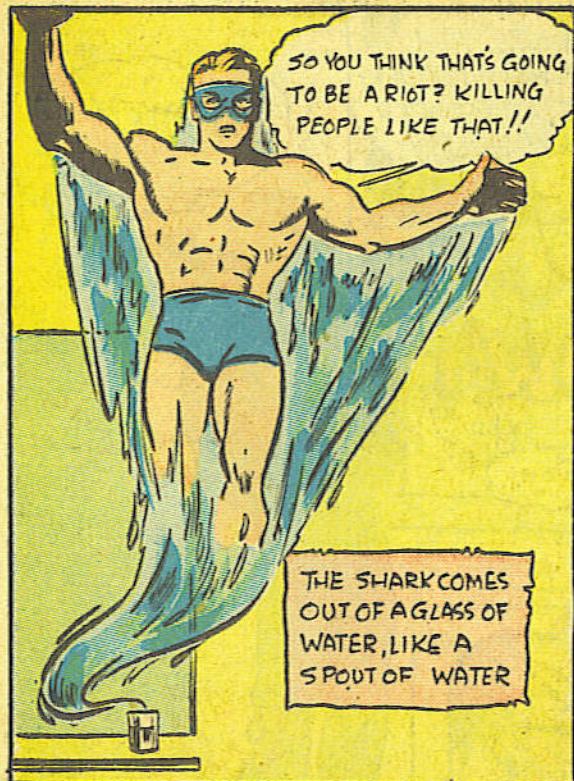


ON THE MEANTIME COLLIER, THE BOSS OF THE SPY RING HAS FORMED A NEW GANG AND IS NOW GIVING THEM ORDERS THROUGH A COVERED PORT HOLE IN HIS YACHT

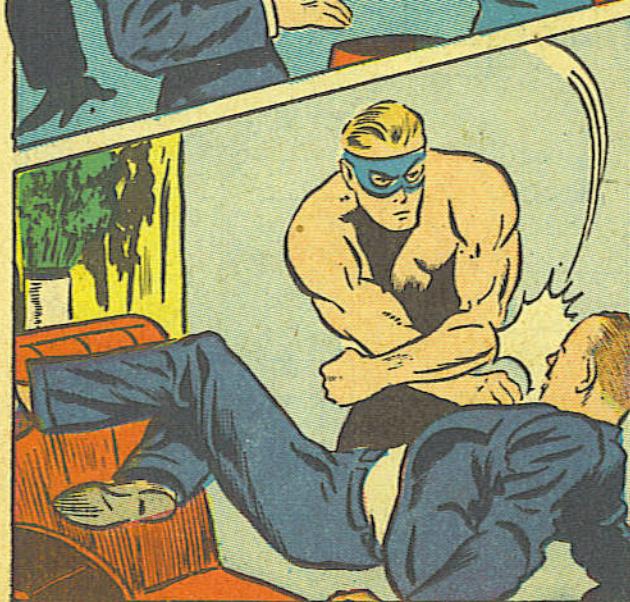
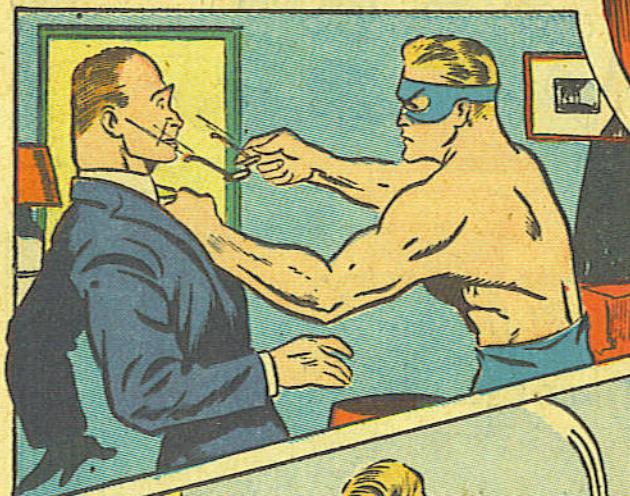
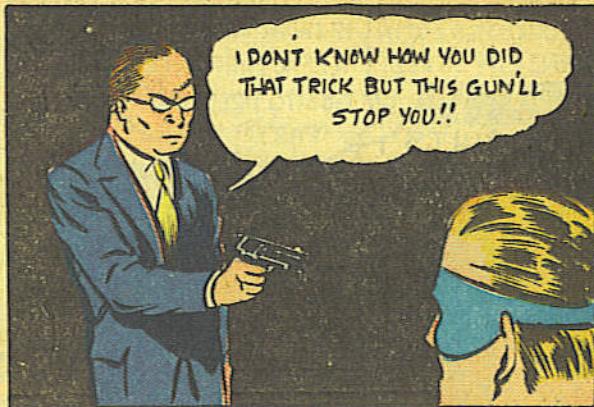
SINCE SAMSON HAS BEEN FOOLISH ENOUGH TO GET CAUGHT, I AM FORCED TO ISSUE THE ORDERS MYSELF.... PREPARE THE MINES TO BE DROPPED!



This is how the mines are laid, Frank Colliers, international spy, drops the mines which are anchored by cubes of salt, from his yacht, as the salt dissolves, the mine ascends, but meantime Colliers and his men make good their escape.



THE SHARK COMES  
OUT OF A GLASS OF  
WATER, LIKE A  
SPOUT OF WATER



JUST THEN POP WALKS IN!

O.K. MISTER COLLIER,  
LAND DETECTIVE  
NEPTUNE HAS GOT  
YOU AT.....  
THE SHARK!!

CRASH!!

YES, I'VE GOT YOU AT LAST.....  
O-O-O-OH! ANOTHER  
BLINKER!

SAY I'M GETTIN' DOWN  
RIGHT TIRED OF THIS,  
TWO BLINKERS AN' LANDIN'  
IN JAIL — DON'T YOU  
KNOW ME WHEN I HAVEN'T  
GOT MY BEARD?

YOU - YOU'VE GOT WEBBED HANDS  
LIKE MYSELF, YOU'RE FATHER  
NEPTUNE..... POP!

GEE POP, CAN YOU  
EVER FORGIVE ME, I DIDN'T  
KNOW IT WAS YOU, I DIDN'T  
MEAN TO HURT YOU!!

WHAT DO YA' MEAN HURT  
ME — I DIDN'T EVEN  
FEEL IT... MUCH! ANY-  
WAY WHAT'S A COUPLE  
OF SHINERS IN THE  
FAMILY! FORGET IT!!

SAY! THERE'S  
SOMETHING ELSE  
I'M FORGETTIN', THE  
REST OF THIS GANG!

OH! I WOULDN'T WORRY  
'BOUT THEM SO MUCH  
SON! I TOOK CARE O'  
THEM THE FIRST THING!  
WHILE YOU WERE FIXIN'  
COLLIERS, THAT'S ONE  
TIME THIS OLD LAND  
DETECTIVE DIDN'T  
FAIL!!

# REEF KINKAID

BY  
BOB LUBBERS



GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER, EXPLORER, AND SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, REEF IS KNOWN ALL OVER THE GLOBE .... WE NOW FIND HIM IN HIS HOTEL ROOM IN PIRATEZ, A SMALL TOWN IN SOUTH AMERICA ... HE HAS JUST RETURNED FROM AN EXPEDITION TO A LOST INDIAN TEMPLE

AH! THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!



TELEGRAM  
RECEIVED YOUR  
WIRE STOP TAKE NEXT  
BOAT TO N.Y. STOP REP-  
RESENTATIVE WILL BE  
AT DOCK STOP BRING  
PHOTOS OF TEMPLE  
SIGNED  
NEW YORK MUSEUM

REEF BOARDS A  
STEAMER AND IS  
SOON ON HIS WAY!

WITH THE  
MONEY I'LL GET FOR  
THOSE PHOTOS I'LL  
FINANCE  
ANOTHER TRIP



AFTER A WEEK  
OR SO OF SAIL-  
ING, THE BOAT  
DOCKS IN N.Y.

REEF WALKS  
DOWN THE  
GANGPLANK

NOW TO FIND  
THE MAN FROM  
THE MUSEUM

MR. KINKAID?  
I'M JOHNSON  
FROM THE  
MUSEUM!

AS HE REACHES  
THE BOTTOM OF  
THE GANGPLANK  
A MAN RUSHES  
UP TO HIM .....

HOW DO  
YOU DO

IS YOUR BAGGAGE  
BEING TAKEN  
CARE OF, MR  
KINKAID?

YES, HERE  
COMES THE  
PORTER NOW!

GOOD! WE'VE SECURED  
A SUITE FOR YOU AT  
THE M'CECHNIE ARMS  
HOTEL... IT IS VERY  
NEAR THE MUSEUM,  
AND WILL BE QUITE  
CONVENIENT!  
SHALL WE GET IN  
THIS CAB HERE?

REEF AND JOHNSON  
ARE IN THE CAB AND  
ON THEIR WAY!

YES, RIGHT IN THIS  
BRIEFCASE! I'M  
TAKING NO CHANCE  
OF HAVING MY  
BAGGAGE  
STOLEN AND  
THE PHOTOS  
WITH IT!

WELL! HERE  
WE ARE!

THIS LOOKS  
GREAT!

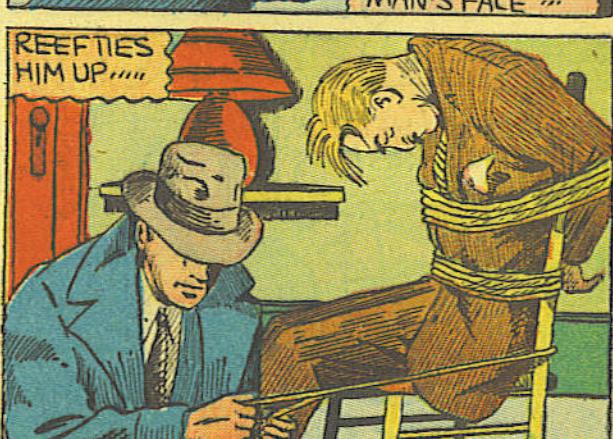
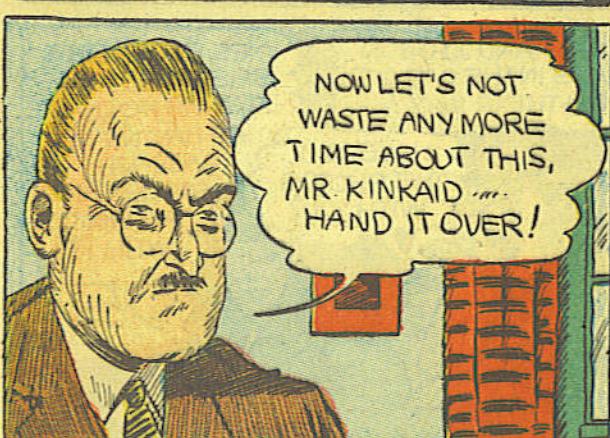
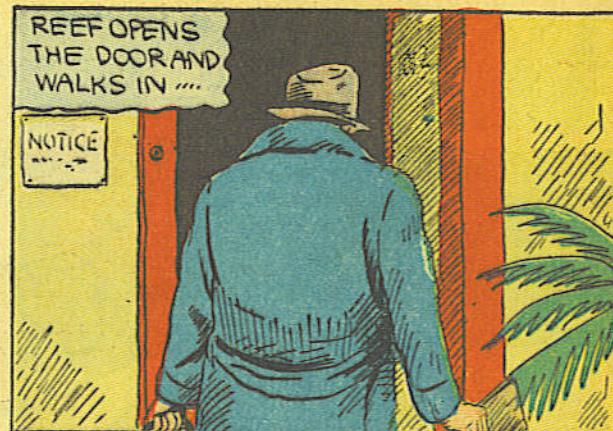
YESSIR!

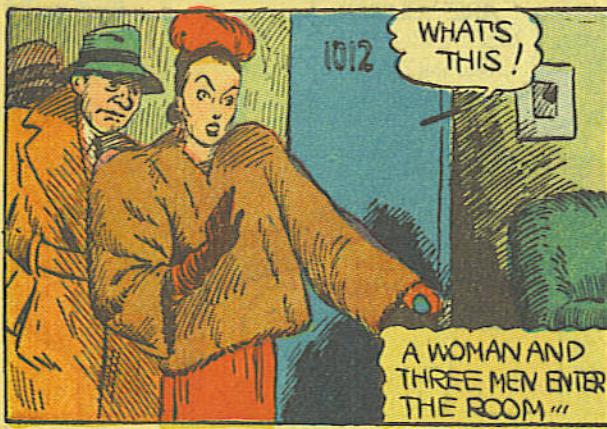
GLAD YOU  
LIKE IT!...  
TEN PLEASE

GS

M'CECHNIE







WE BETTER CLEAR OUT OF HERE!  
KINKAID MIGHT SEND THE POLICE UP TO GET US!

YEAH! WE BETTER GO TO THE HIDEOUT!

REEF FOLLOWS CLOSE BEHIND

I'LL TRAIL THEM TO THEIR HIDEOUT, AND THEN WIRE THE MUSEUM THAT I'M O.K.!

THE NEXT DAY, A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

THAT MUST BE THE FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVE! OPEN THE DOOR QUICKLY!

OK. BOSS!

ARE YOU ZE LEADER OF ZIS ORGANIZATION?

YES... NOW WHAT IS THE PRICE YOU'LL PAY US TO DO THIS LITTLE JOB?

VE ARE PREPARED TO PAY TWO HUNDRED THOUSANDS OFF DOLLARS, IF YOU ARE TO GET ZE PLANS UND GIV ZEM TO US! VE THINK ZAT ISS A FAIR PRICE FOR ZE VORK YOU VILL HAF TO DO!

IT IS NOT AS MUCH AS WE EXPECTED! HOW-EVER, IT WILL DO. WHEN DO YOU WANT THE PLANS?

AS SOON AS YOU CAN GET ZEM!

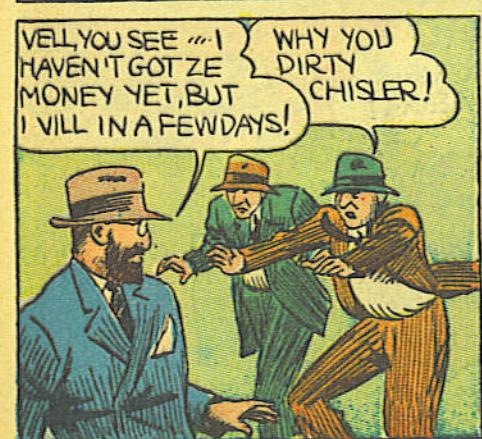
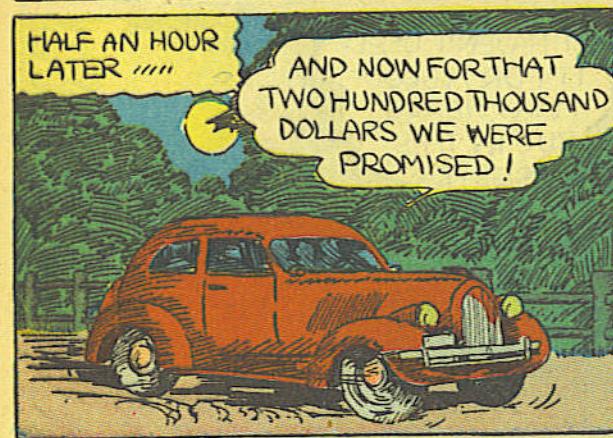
VERY WELL! WE'LL HAVE THEM TOMORROW AFTERNOON!

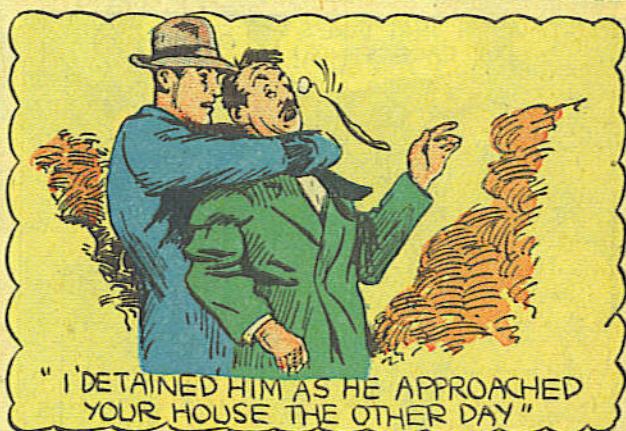
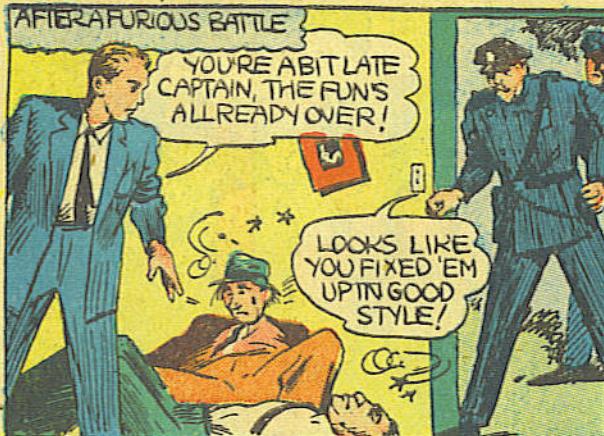
FINE! GOODBYE ZEN, TILL TOMORROW!

OUTSIDEREEF LISTENS AT THE WINDOW!

TONIGHT WE WILL TRY TO GET IN THE ARMY AIRPORT AND STEAL THE PLANS... IF MY PLANS WORK OUT, WE SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE GETTING THEM!

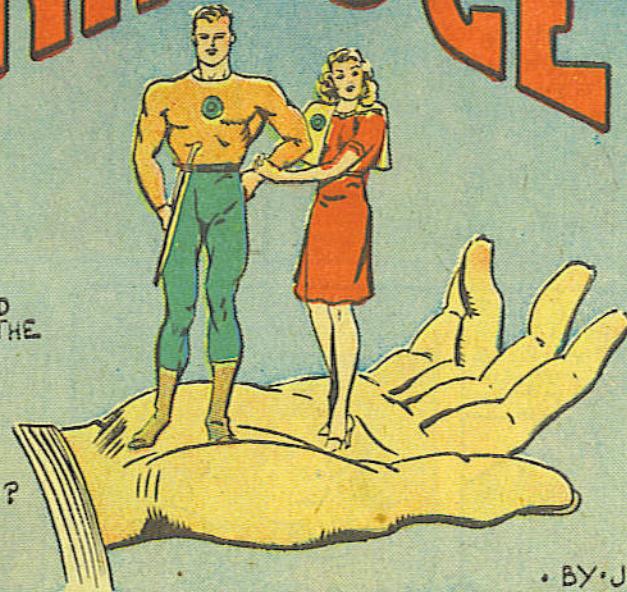
DO YOU SEE A CLUE ABOUT THE FOREIGN AGENT?



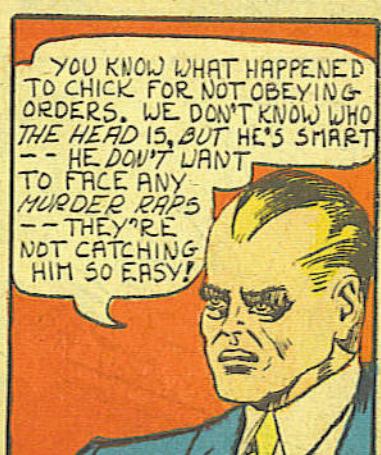
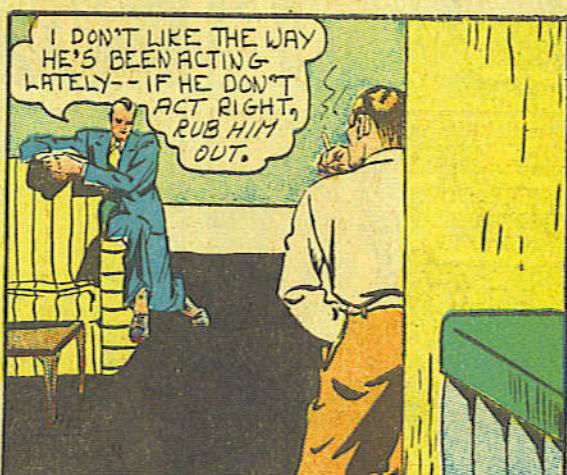


# MINIMIDGET

THE HEAD, MASTER MIND OF A SPY RING, IS AFTER THE NEW BOMB SIGHT, BEING INSTALLED ON AMERICAN BOMBING PLANES. CAN MINIMIDGET STOP HIM FROM GETTING THIS VITAL INSTRUMENT OF AMERICAN BOMBERS?



• BY John F. Kolb •



TWO SMALL FIGURES, THE SIZE OF A HUMAN HAND, CROUCH IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM.

IT WON'T BE EASY TO CATCH THE HEAD, BUT WE'RE GOING TO TRY ANYWAY.

THAT'S RIGHT.

WE HAVE TO FIND OUT WHO HE IS, OR THIS COUNTRY WON'T HAVE ANY SECRETS!

HE HAS THE CLEVEREST SPY RING IN THE COUNTRY.

LOOK! GATS IS GOING FOR THE PICTURES NOW!

COME ON, WE HAVE TO FIND OUT WHERE HE SEEKS THEM!

WE'LL HIDE IN HIS CAR AND GO ALONG WITH HIM!

HERE HE COMES! CRAWL UNDER THE FRONT SEAT, RITTY!

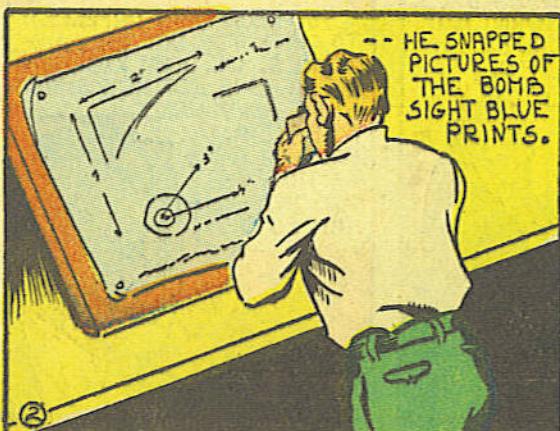
EARLIER IN THE DAY AT THE PLANE FACTORY.

THERE GOES THE WHISTLE. TIME TO EAT!

YOU GO AHEAD. I'LL BE RIGHT OUT.

THEY ALL WENT OUTSIDE TO EAT, EXCEPT THE LONE WORKMAN.

HE QUICKLY PULLED OUT A CANDID CAMERA - RUNNING OVER TO THE BLUE PRINT TABLE --



-- HE SNAPPED PICTURES OF THE BOMB SIGHT BLUE PRINTS.



THAT EVENING -

HAVE YOU GOT THE PICTURES?

YES - BUT I WANT 200 DOLLARS THIS TIME.

HIDING UNDER THE FRONT SEAT OF THE CAR  
THE SUPER-MIDGETS LISTEN.

THEY'RE ARGUING OUT THERE  
RITTY.  
YES! ABOUT MONEY,  
TOO.



THIS IS ALL THE MONEY  
YOU'LL GET WISE  
GUY!

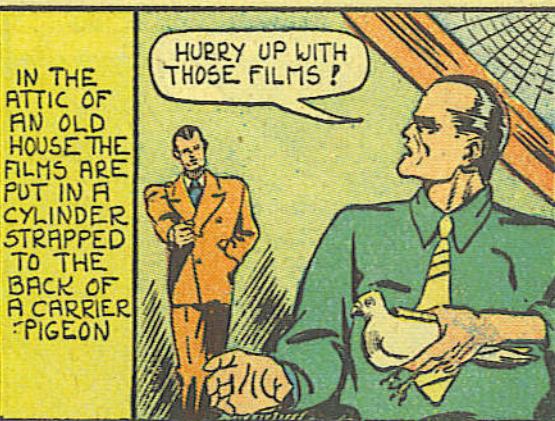
--I-- OH HHH-



AH- HERE'S  
THE FILMS OF  
THE BOMB  
SIGHT-  
AND FOR  
NOTHING, TOO!

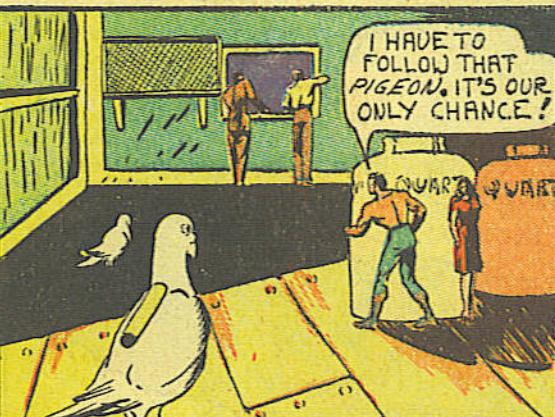
IN THE  
ATTIC OF  
AN OLD  
HOUSE THE  
FILMS ARE  
PUT IN A  
CYLINDER  
STRAPPED  
TO THE  
BACK OF  
A CARRIER  
PIGEON

HURRY UP WITH  
THOSE FILMS !



THE HEAD WILL BE  
GLAD TO SEE THIS BIRD  
COMING WITH THESE  
BOMB SIGHT FILMS!

YOU  
BET!



LISTEN, YOU GO OUT AND TELL  
LIEUTENANT O'BRIEN ABOUT THIS  
PLACE. I'LL  
LET YOU KNOW  
WHEN I FIND  
THE HEAD.

MINIMIDGET, DO  
BE CAREFUL!



TEN MINUTES LATER  
ANOTHER PIGEON  
FLIES INTO THE AIR-  
AND HANGING TO  
THE CYLINDER  
IS MINIMIDGET.



MEANWHILE IN A PENT-HOUSE IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK CITY.

NO MASTER! NOT YET!

TOKA, DID THE PIGEON COME YET?

THOSE FOOLS! IF THEY BUNGLED THIS JOB, I'LL SKIN THEM ALIVE.

ME HELP YOU MASTER.

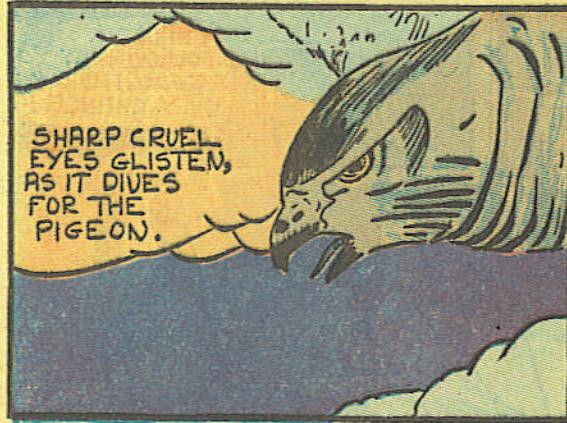
MEANWHILE, AS MINIMIDGET IS BEING CARRIED ALONG BY THE PIGEON—



A HAWK SUDDENLY APPEARS OVER HEAD



SHARP CRUEL EYES GLISTEN, AS IT DIVES FOR THE PIGEON.



YOU JUST KEEP FLYING LITTLE PIGEON. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS FELLOW.

COME BACK FOR SOME MORE, AND I'LL PUT MY SWORD THROUGH YOUR BLACK HEART!!



THIS TIME THE HAWK COMES AT THEM WITH HIS BEAK--- AND MINI-MIDGET DRIVES HIS SWORD INTO ITS THROAT. IT FLUTTERS TO THE GROUND, DYING.

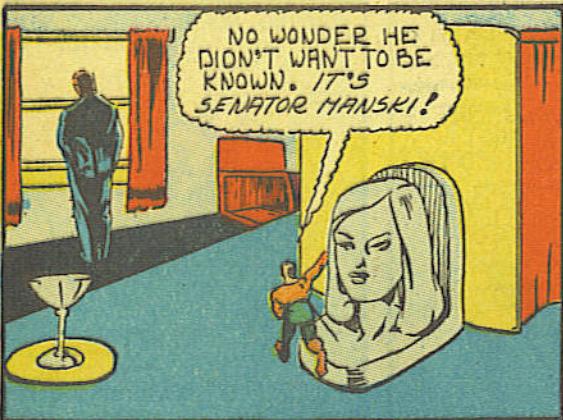


THE PIGEON FINALLY LANDS  
IN THE COOP AT THE HEADS  
PENTHOUSE.

NOW, I'LL FIND  
OUT WHO THE  
HEAD IS!

TOKA, ARE  
THOSE FILMS  
READY YET?

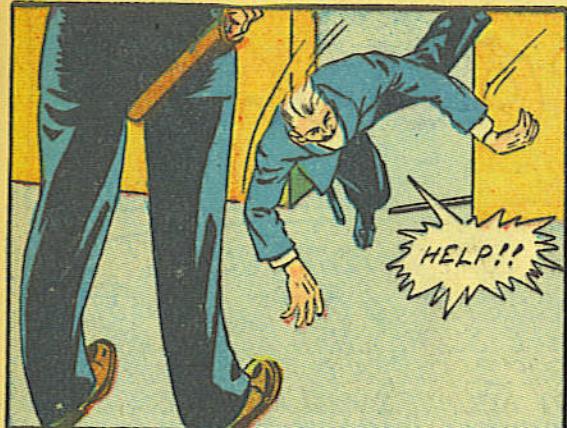
YES, MASTER.  
ALL DEVELOPED!



MINIMIDGET, WALKING ACROSS  
THE TABLE, STEPS ON A  
SPOON. IT FLIES UP IN THE  
AIR AND COMES DOWN  
WITH A CLATTER.



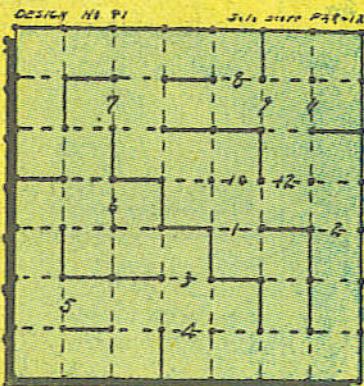




# "PLAY SQUARE"

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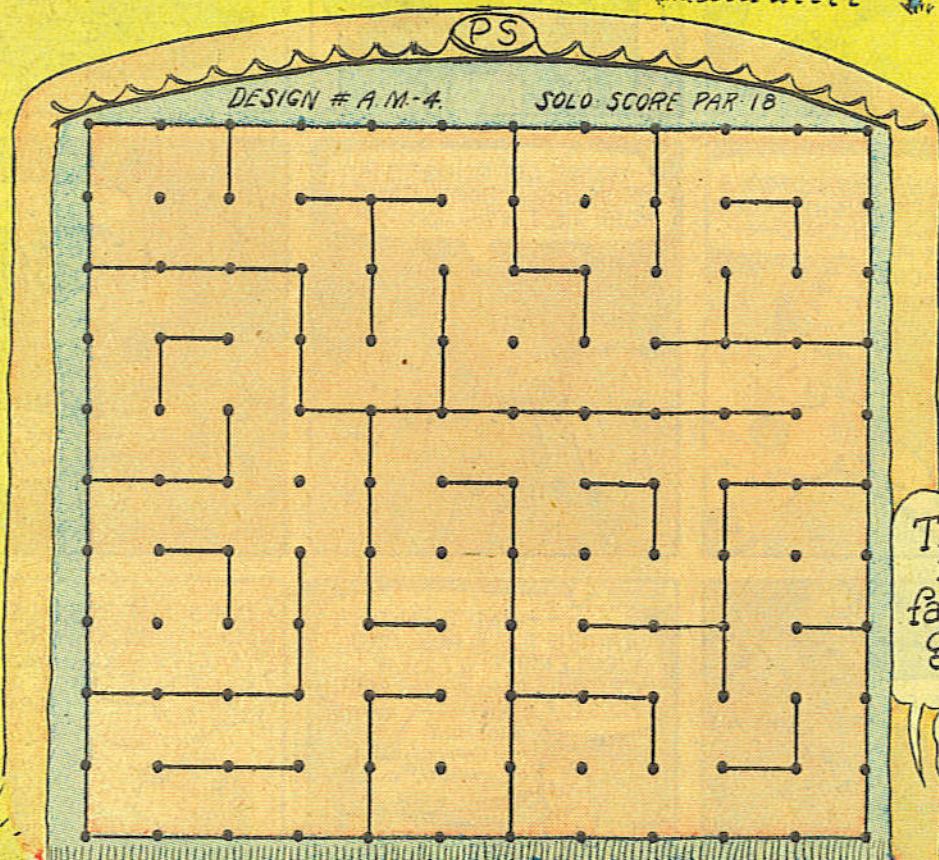
by Stephen MELonka.



KEEP SCORE  
LIKE THIS

HOW TO PLAY "PLAY SQUARE"  
THE OBJECT IS TO GET THE LOWEST POSSIBLE SCORE. DRAW ONE LINE AT A TIME BETWEEN DOTS TO COMPLETE THE 110 SQUARES AND KEEP SCORE BY PLACING A NUMBER ON EACH LINE THAT DOES NOT COMPLETE A SQUARE. LINES THAT COMPLETE A SQUARE ARE "FREE" AND ARE NOT NUMBERED

THIS GAME CAN BE WORKED IN 18  
CAN YOU DO IT?



NOW SHOWING  
"PLAY SQUARE"

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STEPHEN  
1940